

Tooth and Nail

by 0deadguy0

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Summary: A telling of HTTYD with a grittier atmosphere, told from both Hiccup's and Toothless' views. Deviates from the movie quite a bit...

1. H The Pests

****Tooth and Nail****

****This is a slightly darker take on the HTTYD story, with changing points of view. There will be blood, possibly gore, will more than probably deviate from the movie. Actually, it defiantly will. Otherwise it wouldn't be a fan 'fiction', it would be a fan 'retelling'.****

****As for the disclaimerâ€¦ I think you are smart enough to figure out that the writer of How to Train your Dragon does not write fanfictions about their story. If you aren't smart enough to figure that out, then shouldn't you ask your mother before using the internet?****

****...And I am doing a new format. Generally, chapters that have their names begin with the letter H are told from Hiccup's point of view, while all of the chapters beginning with the letter T are told from Toothless's. This way, you can only read the T chapters to read the story from Toothless's eyes, or only read the H chapters to read it from Hiccup's eyes... Or just read them in order. I don't care, I just think it is an interesting concept to allow the reader to choose how they would like to read the story. It's kind of like a 'choose your adventure' thing, only far less complex, and without much choice... Just either Hiccup or Toothless... Or both...****

****So... Yeah. Enjoy.****

* * *

><p>Dreams. Something a child does all the time, sleeping or otherwise. Conscious or not. Children always have the innocents of dreams, always smiling, as if the world only revolves around your happiness. Do you miss those days? I know I doâ€|<p>

However, we Vikings have less time thinking about innocents, when usually you are expected to run for your life, three winters after your birth.

My name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third. Not exactly the best name, in both my culture, and any other. I hear in the English language, hiccup is something you do when you breathe while drinking water, constantly making a 'mini burp' type noise.

Humiliating, I thought. The English traders were annoying enough to spread that among the rest of the village, and now everyone knows me as 'miniburp.'

My village lives on a remote island, in the Meridian of Misery, and it is called that for a reason. The village of Berk, home of the meanest, most bloodthirsty bunch you have ever seen. They are this way, for a reason. Adaptation to where they live, several generations of pure bloodshed and loss, turning Berk into the perfect warrior clan. All from the tall, to the small, have seen blood, spilt blood, shed blood, and crave blood. A Viking has no fear of death, or loss, simply because we deal with it every day.

Well, I shouldn't say we. I don't really fit the description of a Viking. Here is the Hiccup description.

I have seen bloodâ€| most of it my own. I have only spilt my own blood from my own clumsiness, I have shed enough blood to paint my town red, and after all of this, I most certainly do not crave blood. Too sticky, warm, and messy. I have a reasonable fear of death, as well as loss. I don't see or feel that every day, since most of my days, when an attack comes, I am the only one not in the fray. I suppose that is efficient population control. Either survive, or die. The survivors are the warriors, and the body count consists of either the foolish warriors, or cowards. Much like meâ€|

But, I'm still alive. Either Odin has taken a shine to me, or I am smarter than most Vikings. I like to think it is the second optionâ€|

Brain vs. Brawnâ€| and brain doesn't count for much here. If you are smart enough to understand that death is an occupational hazard, then you have the intellect of a Viking. However, because of this, survival instinct tends to diminishâ€|

You might be wondering, what can cause such chaos in a society where they live such as this? Well, first of all, you must be from an English kingdom to even ask, but it still is rather harsh.

Well one's first guess would be lots of bandits. There are raids occasionally, but compared to what we usually face, they are but flies. There are rival villages that we must keep at bay, but they do not attack frequent enough to develop a village as threatening as this.

Now, would you believe me, if I said our biggest problem in all of

Earthrealm, were pests?

Yes, but when you think of pests, you probably think of rats, mosquitos, raccoons, and parasites. Sure, they may carry diseases that can end lives very quickly, but tell meâ€¦

Have you ever witnessed a 'pest' hoist a man into the air, tear him in half, and use what is left of his vertebrae to pick its teeth? If you have where you are from, then most would call you mad. But in Berk, in our little slice of paradise, we see it every day.

Well so begins my terrible tale of the misery, death, and destruction of my people, as well as me. Joy, I love living here. 11 out of 12 months of a year is winter. I suppose it is what we get for living north...because we are Norseâ€¦

I certainly wouldn't have picked this location as a living area. As if the pest problem wasn't enough, we all freeze to death through the annual winters. Why we don't get on our boats and sail as far away from here as possible is beyond me, but I suppose we Vikings always did have stubbornness issuesâ€¦

And I still have yet to mention what pests I speak of, what creature can do such things.

Well, I feel, the best way to learn something is by observation.

So I begin my tale, and you will learn soon enough of the 'pests' I speak of.

And so it starts, one Spring Morningâ€¦

* * *

><p>Did you ever have those strange flying dreams? The ones that seem to take you anywhere and yet throughout the dream, you feel content. As if you have done it before. Only upon reflection do you understand how mad you would be not to be screaming at such heightsâ€¦<p>

An elder once told me that that is a dream of accomplishment, or freedom. Usually after something life changing happensâ€¦

But, you see, these aren't any dreams, these are nightmares. It isn't the flying, it's the falling.

Always, just when I am about to wake upâ€¦ I stop flying, and I begin to fall. Time seems to slow down while I fall, and I see flames engulf me. I hear screams of agony, although I do not feel pain in dreams. And then, there is black. There is no panic waking, just black before I blink my eyes awake.

And in this case, always falling, always flaming, and the inevitable blackness slowly approaching, I can feel it. I can feel it as if it were actually approaching me physically, as if I could feel its presence.

I waited, but the darkness never came. All that came was-

**RING-DING-RING-DING-RING-DING-RING-DING-RING-DING-

RING-**

I woke up in a flash, and sat up in an instantâ€¦

BONK

I had hit my head on the misshapen headboard on the new bed frame; I held my head in frustration.

"Damn it all to the frozen plains of Helheimâ€¦" I mumbled, rubbing my forehead.

Well, that would be the town alarm, so some excitement is happening. The sun has yet to rise, not surprising. We are known for getting up before the sunrise anywayâ€¦

I sighed, as I lazily put on my bear fur boots, and vest.

**RING-DING-RING-DING-RING-DING-RING-DING-RING-DING-RING-DING-RING-
RING-**

"Yeah, yeah, I got it the first timeâ€¦" I said with a moan, knowing no one can hear me. Father was probably already out. He always is.

Well, several reasons why the town alarm goes off. Only one reason why I am not surprisedâ€¦ because it happens all the time.

But as for reasons of it going offâ€¦ It varies.

"Bandits? Possibly. Pack of wolves? Unlikely. Rival tribe? Maybe. Pirates? I think they learnt their lesson the first timeâ€¦ Well that must mean behind door number one isâ€¦" I mused to myself as I walked to the door, opening it nonchalantly.

Nonchalant turned to panic as a large, winged lizard like creature was currently mutilating one of the villagers. The monster turned to me, dropped the human flesh in its mouth, and took a breathâ€¦

Knowing what comes next, I slammed the door as fast as I could, as the fiery liquid came bursting through the cracks in the doorway.

"Dragonsâ€¦" I finished.

The hot liquid was seeping underneath the door. I quickly ran across the room, grabbed my lucky knife (you never know) and ran back upstairs.

Clearly I'm not going through that same door againâ€¦ Out the window it is.

I went back up to my room, and jumped out the window.

Fire and chaos was all around me, something I've grown used to, yet it never stops being frightening.

But that's what we Vikings live for. We are born in a warzone, and we

die in a warzone.

Me? I have other plans.

It is never good to stay in one place, houses burn quickly, and you do not want to be in one once that happens. I retreat to the only fireproof building in the village. The smithy.

Running as fast as I could, people shouting at me to get back insideâ€¦ They tell me as half of my house is currently burningâ€¦

I ran uphill, and was about to go across a walkway, when another dragon, similar to the first one flew that was and was torching everything in its path. It narrowly missed me, as I was pulled back by someone.

"Hiccup! What is he doing-"He asked, and he quickly noticed no one was next to him.

"What are doing out? Get back inside!" He shouted, as he shoved me away.

That was Stoic the Vast, chief of our village. They said that when he was a mere child, he popped the head off of a full grown dragon with his bare hands.

Do I believe it? You would be a fool not to. If you so much as look at the man wrong, it's almost a guaranteed death sentence. He was big and burly, a long red haired beard, with a war-torn stern looking face, with a scar covering his left eye. He has a massive hammer with him at all times, capable of smashing a dragon's head into small pieces. I know because I have seen it before my eyes, he had smashed a full grown dragon's head, and it exploded. It took weeks to get the stench of rotten dragon grey matter off of my clothingâ€¦

I ran around the other way to the smithy, and took cover behind any houses that were still intact. I eventually made it.

"How nice o'ya to join the party!" My mentor commented, as he was hammering a sword.

Gobber is my mentor, and I am his apprentice. He is the most experienced warrior in the entire village, besides Stoic. But I wasn't his apprentice in fighting; I was his apprentice in the smithy arts. I was becoming a blacksmith because I obviously couldn't fight very well, so it was my job to create weapons for those who could.

The reason Gobber had become a blacksmith, is because of his crippling injuries. He had his left hand bitten off by a dragon, as well as his right leg, all within the same year.

He has a long, blonde braided mustache, a bald head, interchangeable prosthetics, and an elitist smart ass attitude.

As I worked with him, preparing as many weapons as possible for the warriors who had theirs broken, or lost during the battle. Looking out the window, I realized that a lot of the carnage was just in my view.

There were the Nadderheads, currently raiding the livestock. Now, if you imagine a reptilian bird with quills on its head, and a quilled tail, then you have the general idea of a Nadder. They usually consist of blue scales, sometimes with exotic patterns on the scales, and have a general bird-like anatomy. They have two bird legs, what would be their front paws are completely replaced by wings, again much like birds. They have large beaks, and eyes similar to birds. Yes, they look like reptilian birds, we have established that. They have a very general fire, what dragons are famous for. Breathing fire, of course. But that is not the notable feature for the Nadders. They are very fast, nimble creatures despite their anatomy, and the quills on their tail can be flicked at incredible speeds, impaling and pinning fully grown humans to walls. Even if you block them with a shield, it will send you a good few feet backwards, daze you, and possibly break a bone in your arm. You shouldn't be ready to block this; you should be ready to dive out of the way.

Next were the Gronkles, so different in anatomy that you would assume they weren't even dragons. The only reason we assume these creatures are dragons are because of three notable traits; they breathe fire, they fly, and they cooperate with other dragons. That is what justifies a dragon, not appearance. Now most kinds of dragons have different ways of producing the flames that they fire from their mouths. Gronkles are known for firing magma, because they will deliberately eat rocks, to melt in their bodies. Gronkles are big and bulky, have incredibly tough armor, are extremely heavy, and have very small wings. Because of swallowing rocks, they have incredibly large mouths, and sharp teeth, capable of biting the upper body of a full grown man off. They have a very peanut shaped body, if a peanut was a body builder. They have stubby legs, in which they have four of, unlike the Nadders. But because of its bulky nature, and its small and stubby limbs, it is slow on the ground and in flight, and usually is found hovering just out of reach rather than full-fledged flying. Finally, it has a large, thick tail, in which has a spiked ball attached to the end. This is capable of massive damage in one swing, and is known for causing a man's head to literally be smacked clean off from the sheer force and weight applied to the swing.

Then there were the Zipplebacks, one of the most exotic and interesting of the dragon species. Once again, its anatomy is so different from that of its fellow dragons that you would assume it is another species, had it not been for the three things that identify a dragon. It has a small body, small legs, medium sized wings, two tails, and two heads with extremely long necks. Upon behavioral study, I realized that the two heads have consciousness's of their own, and are two separate conjoined beings. However, each head serves a purpose. One, can breathe a very poisonous green fume, but is not poisonous enough unless one deliberately breathes it for more than ten seconds. That is not the deadly part of the fumes. The other head creates a spark, igniting the explosive fume. What would seem like a suicidal tactic simply because of the fact that the head has to be in the fumes in order to ignite it? But they have extremely tough scales, although not much in preventing sharp objects from cutting, but rather in resisting blunt force and pressure, like the damage you would receive from an explosion. It is interesting that you can never tell which head is which until they perform their action, since once a Zippleback is born, who's action is who's is randomized. So you cannot judge one head from the other based off of one encounter. The reason this is important, is because a useful way of disarming a

Zippleback, is to wet the head that ignites the gas. Since the ignition is held within the head, rather than in its body, if the head is wet, it cannot light the gas. But it is not completely useless besides the gas, it's bite is very venomous, and can kill a man in two days if left untreated by the elder's herbs. It is still unknown which head controls the body, or if they share control. If they can hear each other's thoughts, or if they are completely separate minded. So many mysteries regarding the Zipplebacks, yet I seem to be the only Viking interested. All the others ask the same question of; if it does not aid in killing it, what is the point of knowing it? All of the others don't appear to have the same curiosity that I have unless it involves killing, but I digress.

There are the Terrible Terrors, whose name can be misleading. They are the pests of the dragons. They are incredibly small in size, green thin scales, four legs, small wings, and are not usually found in raids. The Terrible Terrors are usually found thieving already cooked and chopped food, since they are far too small to steal a sheep. As for combat capability, once again, the name is misleading. They do, if cornered, have the means to kill. Their fire is capable of burning, but takes far too long to build up to deadly levels, and they are usually killed before they can spew their flame. Buy, when they resort to melee, they are smart enough and precise enough to hit your jugulars. Once this is done, you are dead within four minutes, but unlike the other dragons, do not attack you straight forward. If it wants you dead, it is sneaky about it, knowing that it is not very formidable when in head to head combat.

Then, the most famous of the dragon family, is the Monstrous Nightmare. Properly named, because it is monstrous, and has in fact given me several nightmares. I heard in far off lands, that the Monstrous Nightmare is the most famous of dragons, because it has traveled as far as to the English kingdoms, lands in which are not prepared for creatures such as these. They inhabit caves, and search for anything shiny to decorate the caves, and are spoken of as creatures of legend and horror. In other faraway lands, they are known as myths. Several of the Englishmen's finest warriors have fought those creatures and died, simply because they were not adept to fighting such things, as the Vikings were. They originated here, on the Meridian of Misery, just past Helheim's Gate. These are the toughest of the dragons. They are very large, red scaled creatures, with incredibly large jaws and teeth, capable of biting the body off of a man's feet. They have fearsome horns, capable of impaling men, large sharp claws, capable of dismembering men, a magma-like fire, capable of melting men, all in all, they are killing machines. Their wings are attached to their arms, at the end of each; claws capable of deadly swipes remain. They can fly by a man, chopping him in half midflight. They are not very common, but there is one or two every raid, usually on the front lines. Oh, and they have a habit of catching themselves on fire as a defense strategy, and to install fear into the enemy.

My thoughts were interrupted by a loud screeching, followed by several Vikings shouting simultaneously in the distance.

"NIGHT FURY!" One of them shouted.

"Get down!" Another voice followed soon afterwards.

Then, a lavender flash of light that seemed to come out of nowhere,

hit a large tower with a catapult on top, in which several Vikings were jumping off of in terror.

Ah, yes. There was one more dragon I forgot to mention. The infamous Night Fury. The most mysterious dragon known by any man. No human eyes have ever seen one and lived. They are the fastest, most elusive, skilled, intelligent dragons ever discovered. How do we know all of this about it if no human eyes have ever seen it? Just look at its behavior and body count. All you know, is you hear a screeching noise, and a building is going to collapse soon. Only once was a man directly targeted, and it reduced him to a red mist. The blast is so powerful, yet so surgical. Anything in its sights is gone, but everything around it is intact. None of the dragons are hurt by the blasts, only its targets, and just as well, it never misses. I remember when I was little, it was my dream to be the first Viking ever to see one and live, or just see one. I'm not too picky, knowing it's fearsome nature. I remember how you can only see a glimpse of its outline on starry nights. If it is a cloudy night, then it is completely invisible. My grandfather said he saw a glimpse of a Night Fury's eyes, and how they were blood red, and glowing with pure hatred for all human life. How they were foul creatures, forged by the deception of Loki, and how it is the offspring of lightning and death itself. Fitting, since when the Night Fury was first spotted, it was misconstrued as Thor hurling lightning bolts.

And as for the Night Fury that had just fired, must have noticed that the tower he had fired at was still standing. I heard screeching, another few shouts of 'Night Fury! Get down!' before another flash of lavender-orange destroyed the remaining supports of the catapult tower.

As I looked around the carnage, I noticed my fellow young bloods, although they really don't consider me a fellow, due to my small stature. But, none the less, there they are.

There was Snoutlout, my cousin. Although he certainly doesn't treat me like familyâ€¦ He prays on the weak in order to make himself feel bigger, yet still makes himself look like an idiot when he bites off more than he can chew. Big, bulky chest and shoulders, manly chin, and black short hair describe his general appearance. Although he seems fit and manly, he seems to weasel his way out of a fight with anything bigger than he is. I'm small and weak, so for him, fighting me is a guaranteed victory. It takes a lot of willpower to even call him cousin after the humiliation and pain he put me through, but I shouldn't hold a grudge.

Fishlegs, who despite his bulky appearance, is a bookworm. A rare trait for a village of illiterate Vikings. He and I are some of the only people who can read here. He seems to be obsessed with dragon study, rather than dragon killing. Much like me, but in different matters. He seems to point out their strengths and weaknesses to others, making strategic morale. As for me, I design weapons that cope for what I lack. Although most of said weapons are failures, I have a working bola launcher, although it still has a few kinksâ€¦ Fishlegs will be a very good leader in the future if he ever receives such a rank. He is quite good in the tactical field.

Then there are Ruffnut and Tuffnut, the twins that are obsessed with pranks. Brother and sister, although they seem to treat each other as worst enemies, yet best friends. Their relationship is hard to

describe. Ruffnut is the female, and Tuffnut is the male, to avoid confusion. When I was younger, I would catch myself calling Ruffnut Tuffnut, and vice versa. They both found it incredibly insulting, because a woman hates to be called a man, and a man hates to be called a woman. That is rather obvious, but worth saying.

Then there is Astrid, the most skilled of the young bloods. She, despite her appearance, will no doubt be one of the deadliest warriors of this generation. She knows all weaknesses and strengths of all dragon types, thanks to Fishlegs, she has incredibly physique, she is nimble, and smart. I will not lie by saying I do not have a crush on her, since all of the young blooded Viking males do. The only one of us that lacks the brain, but has sufficient testosterone to hit on her is Snoutlout, even though when he does, he ends up getting hurt. That sends a clear message to all of the male young bloods; call me pretty, and I will rip your genitals off. This is why I was never good with talking to her; because I am afraid that anything I say might provoke her, and I was never good with women from the start.

They were outside, fighting for survival, and winning. I need to get out there. Everyone sees me as a reject, but I just need to show them, with a dragon's decapitated head.

Just as I was about to crawl out of the forge, Gobber grabbed me.

"Just where d'ya thing you're goin'?" He asked.

"Aw, come on! I need to go out! I need to leave my mark!" I said, annoyed as he dragged my back inside.

"Oh, you've made plenty o' marksâ€| All in the wrong places!" He said, obviously referring to the last time I went out, and accidentally got the treatment center burned downâ€| Yes, I left a markâ€| A scorch mark.

"Just a few minutes! I'll kill a dragon! My life will get infinitely better!" I pleaded.

"You can't hold a hammer, you can't swing'n axe, you can't even throw one of these!" Gobber said, holding up a pair of bolas.

"Yes, but this will do it for meâ€|" I said, patting on the bola throwing device that I mentioned earlier. Upon doing so, it slung open, throwing the bola that was loaded into it prior out of the window, and hitting a man square in the head, knocking him unconscious from the force of the throw.

Gobber sighed.

"You see, this right'ere is what I'm talking about! Every time you go out there, you either hurt yerself, or the men around you!"

"A mild calibration issue-"I attempted to defend, before he interrupted me.

"Look, if you want to go out there, and kill dragons, you need to work onâ€| this." He said, gesturing to me.

"You just pointed to all of me!" I said dryly.

"Yes! That's it! Stop being all of you!" He said. I wasâ€¦ rather offended. But I just flexed what muscle I had.

"That is a dangerous game you are playing there." I warned, knowing I was only fooling myself.

"Yeah." He said, unconvinced.

"Keeping this much rawâ€¦ Vikingness contained! There will be consequences!" I continued.

"I'll take my chances. Sword, sharpen, now." He said, before picking up a large broadsword, and dropping it in my arms.

I sighed as I took it to the sharpener, and held it in place as it grinded. Tonight will be different. I know it! I feel it!

"Man the fort, Hiccup. They need me out there!" Gobber said, before changing the blacksmith's hammer prosthetic to the axe prosthetic.

"Stay. Put. Thereâ€¦ you know what I mean." He said, before charging out with a war cry.

I observed the surroundings. Action was dying down slightly, it is a starry night, and my bola launcher is ready, despite being a little unstable.

What can I do of notable value?

I smiled as I barely saw a faint outline of a Night Fury flying with the stars.

Tonightâ€¦ I will become a legend.

* * *

><p>Yes, I do realize this is not exactly what happened in the movie. But this will deviate in both little, and big things from the movie. I'll say again, if I didn't at least attempt to make it different then it would be a fanretelling, not a fanfiction.

And yes, it is because I haven't seen the movie in a while, and therefore do not know the exact details and dialogue lines, but gives me a little more creative space to make it myself. It should get much more interesting, and quite a few things will be changed, not just dialogue, small sequences, or other matters of such. There will be blood, and gore, since they were killing dragons and dragons were killing humans. I would tell what I am going to change, but that would spoil it quite a bit, wouldn't it? I hate to sound like one of those people who shout, 'it will get better l8er!1 no flamz'!

Review, criticize, flame if you'd like. No need to feel embarrassed about it, since I would never remove anonymous reviewing. Removing that is like saying, 'I am a small child, and I will cry if one person does not like my stuff! '

****I accept all criticism, and flames. I read all reviews, I may attempt to respond to some, although I may tend to do so in authors notes of following chapters. If you can't take criticism, then you shouldn't be on the internet, especially a site where you post things for others to see.****

****If you are here because of my other story, 'Consumption' then I'll say again, I will eventually rewrite it. Not now, not soon, but eventually. If you are curious as to what that is, I wouldn't recommend reading it until I rewrite it, since upon reflection, I was all over the place with that story, and it needs serious revision.****

****So please, review, praise, criticize, flame, whatever floats your boat, just do it. I love feedback, no matter what kind. Updates may be a bit all over the place, since I am rather busy, and I just got back from a vacation. Some will come soon, some will not come in a week or so, it is hard to tell, so consistent updates I cannot guarantee. But I will do this from start to finish.****

****Review Replies****

****v****

*** * ***

><p>Toothless-the-nightfury
>2011-10-02 . chapter 1

It's looking good so far, and as long as this doesn't get too dark', then I can see this being a good story - by this I mean Hiccup can feel suicidal with all the hate he gets, but he shouldnt go on a killing spree with Toothless.

It's happened before on fan fiction. They story sucked

But I like this so far, please continue!

****My Reply ****

Where did you get the idea that Hiccup would go on a killing spree? That's a little too far fetched... I didn't exactly make him angsty or anything... Alright maybe a little but still! And suicidal thoughts? He may not be the strongest Viking, but he is still raised in the culture, so suicide sounds rather contradictory to his personality. So don't worry about that.

...Oh, and thanks. XD

******kole13 ****

>2011-10-25 . chapter 1******

I don't know why, but i like retellings of movies, espicailly from different
>character POVs. But I'm honestly not seeing the deviation from the movie.
maybe i'm not looking hard enough. but i like it anyway.
update soon please.

****My Reply****

Well there are two keywords inside of the summary, 'will' and 'a bit.' What I mean by this is that the deviation is not there yet, so don't bother looking, and 'a bit' meaning that when it does, it will not be anything too significant. It will impact the characters and the story line, and perhaps steer the plot into another direction... Okay that will be significant... I've lost my train of thought.

But there will be smaller deviations along the way, and the sad part is that I cannot mention any of which without spoiling... Yet again I'm starting to sound like one of those people who shout 'IT WILL GET BETTUR L8TR...'

...I hate those kinds of people.

But none the less, thank you for the feedback!

2. T Interesting Observations

****Sorry for the long wait, but several things are going on with the family as well as schoolâ€¦| Like I said, I cannot promise consistent updatesâ€¦|****

****A quick rundown of what the dragons have named their species.****

****Monstrous Nightmare: Firekin****

****Zippleback: Doublekin****

****Nadder: Quillkin****

****Gronkle: Stonekin****

****Night Fury: Nightkin****

*** * ***

><p>Humans are the most fascinating animals in this world. Their behavior is unpredictable and different from any other region. They vary in color, shape, size, and intelligence. In some human packs, they put down the females, and in others, like the one I observe now, they are treated no different from the males.<p>

The humans are most interesting because of how they survive. Their ingenuity serves them to no end. Everything they lack, they craft something to cope. It is incredible. They are soft, fragile creatures, so they cover themselves in hard materials. They lack claws, so they create large sharpened objects. They cannot attack from a distance, so they create launching machines that can throw things at great distance and force.

I, however, have never really seen one up close in my short life of 400 years. I have only seen from a distance, and my eyes are able to see a lot. This includes human's tactical behavior, although most charge in without plan. Some, however, show tactical value. One of the tactical humans I speak of is the alpha male; he shows brute strength and force, as well as cunning intellect. A deadly combination, not unlike I. This is why he is the alpha, so he may

crimson to spray over the ground.

A hatchling made the mistake of opening the entrance of its nest to take a look. On the sight of the hatchling, the Firekin dropped the human head, and spit its fire at the hatchling.

I had thought the hatchling was dead for a moment, before it had jumped out of another exit in its nest. Clever humans, even at such early ages do they show cunning.

But the hatchling will not survive for long, if he does not go to another nest. I directed my attention to the rest of the kin joining the fray.

The humans lit large fires, and pushed them into the sky, to illuminate any hidden fliers.

I see a Quillkin get hit by a wooden object, in which splintered into its eyes. It flew out of control and fell into a group of humans. One of them immediately used the longer wooden weapon with a sharpened stone top to impale its leg into the ground. The other took a smaller tool to cut open the Quillkin's stomach, and pull out its entrails. The human then showered it's self in the Quillkin's blood, to show dominance to the other humans.

As for the alpha human, he was currently making his way to a tall structure with a wooden launcher on the top. He had a large weighted tool, capable of smashing kin bones with a sickening crack.

He treated all kin that had been assaulting him as he journeyed to the tall structure as mere annoyances, swatting them out of the way with the tool.

He was stopped by a Doublekin, the alpha then used the tool one of the Doublekin's necks, the sheer force clearly breaking its neck as its normally flexible neck snapped into an odd angle. The rest of the creature lost control, and was disoriented by the lack of a second mind.

The alpha then used the tool again on the remaining alive head, with enough force to break the neck, fracture and break the skull, and had enough impact to dislodge the eye from the head, only dangling from the stem of the socket.

The alpha then simply jumped over the corpse, and continued. He made it to the structure, went inside, and reappeared on the top of the structure as well as a few other humans. They began to operate the wooden launcher, and they launched a stone at one of the Quillkins, with enough force and weight to cave it's ribcage in. The Quillkin died shortly afterwards.

Then, the Firekin that had begun the fight saw the alpha on the tower. He set himself on fire to instill fear, which was not possible with the alpha, for he was fearless. He attacked head first, a grave mistake, that he was unfortunate enough to commit.

Today I feel merciful, I will distract the alpha.

I leapt from my perch, and instantly folded my wings in, with the wooden launcher as my target. My keen eyes seeing the Firekin get hit

over the head, but his species has a very thick skull, a fracture at the most.

Both the Firekin and the alpha saw the danger as they heard me screech towards my target, in which they shouted what they named me in their language.

"NÃ³tt heift!" The humans below shouted.

"FÃ¡; niÃ°ur!" Shouted the alpha as he leapt from the structure, as well as the other humans.

I let loose my fire, in which destroyed the launcher completely. I flew away, before realizing how little the amount of damage I had done.

I swooped around, and prepared for another blast. I zoomed by, letting lose another bolt of fire, knocking the supports from the structure.

I swooped around, and let out a frustrated moan to see that the structure was still standing. I didn't attack again immediately. If I repetitively attacked the same target within a small period of time, the humans would be able to predict my next move too easily.

I waited for a very brief moment, and the battle seemed to have cooled off.

I flew towards my target again, aiming for the remaining support that keeps it standing. I fired the bolt, and just before I was able to turn around to observe the damage, something happened.

First thoughts; pain. Pain. Pain. PAIN!

I was hit by something, something heavy, something fast, and something with a human scent.

Before I had time to think, it had entangled my limbs, and my wings, the two weighted spheres spun around my entire body, connected to some kind of vine. The two spheres smacked two different places of my body simultaneously, one hit my left front leg, dislocating it, and the other hit my lower left ribs, breaking at least two with such force. But the worst was far from over.

Because the vine had entangled and crushed my wings in such a disfigured position, I could not sustain flight. I hurtled towards the surface, screeching in terror all the way down.

Once I had hit the ground, the real agony begun. A sickening crack sounded from my ribs upon impact, and I continued to plow through the forest, hitting anything in my way. I found myself being stabbed, beaten, and brutalized by rocks and sticks that I hit as I passed by. My tail seemed to take the most abuse, or I thought so since it was in constant pain since impact.

When I had finally stopped, my entire body was in agony. One of my front legs were dislocated, and several of my ribs were fractured. Rocks had cut up my chest, and I was bleeding all over the dirt. I was still trapped, and disfigured, and there was still this incredibly painful sting on my tail, but I couldn't even move my tail

due to the sheer pain and shock I was in.

I heard roaring nearby, and it took me a minute to realize it was me, screaming in pain.

Eventually, I lost consciousness, I was unsure if I had fainted or if I had lost too much blood, but I was dying, and if I cannot treat my wounds, then I am deadâ€¦|

* * *

><p>I awoke several hours later, perhaps even days, time was unsure, but it was daylight. I am not currently hungry, so it has not been past a day.<p>

I can still feel which I am unsure of if that is a good thing or a bad thing. Pain lets me know I'm alive, but it also makes me want to die.

My eyes look beneath my head, and I notice a rather notable bloodstain.

My blood, as if it could be anyone else's.

It's okayâ€¦| It's going to be okay. I just need to find a way out of this constraint, treat my wounds, and it will be okayâ€¦|

The vine is too far away from my head or my claws, so cutting and burning is out of the question. I am bound to tightly and am too weak to break the vineâ€¦| And because of my awkward positioning and entanglement, wiggling out is impossible.

Why was I so stupid to attack the same target! Three times! They could predict my movement! Stupid stupid stupid!

The humans will come to claim me as a prize; they will cut me apart, skin me, and use my scales forâ€¦| Whatever they use scales for! I've seen them after the battles! They tear the dead and the wounded apart! I'm still alive! They'll capture me, imprison me, cut me apart, and starve me!

And if they don't find me, then I'll die from my injuries, die from a Firekin who wants an easy meal, or die slowly from starvationâ€¦|

(A/N It is not cannibalism, since the types of dragons are different species. Dragon is a classification, much like how you classify both snakes and crocodiles as reptiles, but they are different species.)

I feel sleep taking meâ€¦| I need to stay awakeâ€¦| The humans will come for me soonâ€¦|

I'm going to wake up deadâ€¦|

* * *

><p>I woke up to a sudden pressure on my left forepaw. I shook whatever small creature was nudging me away, and opened my eyes.<p>

A human met my gaze, not a normal one, but a human none the less.

It seemed to be a mere hatchling. It was slightly exiting to see one this close, yet all the more frightening.

It seemed rather small and frail. Perhaps underfed. It smells of sweat, and its eyes grow ever wider as they meet mine. It almost seems to be more afraid than I am, even though I am completely at its mercy.

I never knew human eyes had color, let alone such deep green, like mine. It's arms are so small, and it's killing stone is smaller.

But then it raised the killing tool above its headâ€¦ And I was reminded of my grave situationâ€¦

I'm too wounded to break out of these binds and thrashing about would only make me look like a feral animalâ€¦

I really do not want to die, I really, really, don't.

I suppose not all lives are meant to be long. I sighed in defeat, and lowered my gaze from the mere hatchling, ready to take my life.

I had rested my head, and closed my eyes, and awaited piercing pain, and peace to come.

Yet it never came, just an ongoing silence, and the hatchling seemed to murmur something in it's language.

It is probably waiting for me to react, wishing to kill me
hono-

Fzfzfzfzfzfzfz-snap!

I opened my eyes in alarm as I felt my binds
loosen.

Fzfzfzfzfzfzfz-snap!

It's giving me a fighting chance! Perhaps to claim me as a proper prize! It will soon see it as a grave mistakeâ€¦

Fzfzfzfzfzfzfz-snap!

I was free from my binds, and I was on the human in less than a second, claws squeezing its neck as I pinned it to a nearby rock.

This is nothing but a mere bug, much smaller than any of the other humans, it must be the omega. I'll give it the mercy of a quick death!

Just as I was about to finish him, I met his gaze yet again. This was obviously no gaze of hate, but rather, one that I had only moments ago. Pure, indisguisable fearâ€¦

This is not the face of someone who was expecting a fightâ€¦ His

intensions were otherwise.

Perhaps he felt pity for me; perhaps he knew how young I am. This is slightly insulting, but none the less, a pure act. It would be wrong of me not to repay it.

He lives, but he needs to learn not to cross me again.

I inhaled deeply, and let out a deafening loud roar in his face, before running off in the opposite direction, and jumping for flight.

I had been flying for a few seconds, glad that I will live for much longer than anticipated. Humans are possibly more merciful than I give cred-

Suddenly, I was unbalanced, and I crashed into a nearby rock, and plummeted into a small clearing.

â€|Just a light mistake, not a problem. I am obviously distractedâ€|

I jumped into the air, took off, only to fall yet again, and again, and again, until one of the falls made my dislocated forepaw twist into an abnormal direction.

I hissed at the pain for a moment, and knew something was amiss. It is not a problem with my wings, or I wouldn't be able to get off the ground in the first placeâ€| Something is causing me to be off balanceâ€|

I brushed my tail against the ground, and hissed at the stinging that followed.

No.

No, no, no, no!

I moved my tail into view to seeâ€|

The shredded, blood drenched remains my left tailfinâ€|

The pain numbed from my shockâ€| Pure shockâ€| I had just sat there, staring at the crippled tailâ€| I know what this means, I know all too well what it meansâ€|

It means I'm going to die on this islandâ€|

No, nononono, I just need to relax. I've never heard of a LIVING Nightkin with a missing tailfin, but it doesn't mean it's not possibleâ€|

I can live without flight; I am the most dangerous thing on this island. I just need to get to high ground, single humans are no problem, but they hunt in packs. They will be looking for me soon.

I looked around my areaâ€| I seem to be in a medium canyon, a lake is in the middle, a tree, and walls. I notice one easy way out of this, a small crack that can lead out, but I am too big to fit through it.

None the lessâ€¦ I can make it out of here, I just need to jump!
OW!

I collapsed to the floor, and looked at my dislocated forepaw. I'm not going to climb out of here with thisâ€¦

I sighed as I wondered over to the lake. I need to examine my woundsâ€¦

Dislocated forepaw, fractured-not broken- ribs, several large gashes in my chest, some of which are still bleeding, I noted from the small trail of blood drops that followed me.

The bleeding wounds are too low for my head to reach; I'll lie down in water, and clean my wounds there.

I should heal in the course of about four or five days, then I'll be able to escape this canyon.

I sighed as I lied down in the water.

I looked at my forepaw, and snorted. I need to snap this into placeâ€¦

I can't bite it, unless I feel like tearing my forepaw offâ€¦ I need a solid object to place it in, so I can twist it correctlyâ€¦

I have an idea.

I leaned onto my forepaw, ignoring the pain. I then lodged the forepaw far into the mud of the shallow water. I twisted to the right, and flipped upside down.

__**SNAP**__

I hissed in pain, then flipped upright, and pulled my left forepaw from the mud.

One problem solvedâ€¦

I stepped out of the water, and looked at the gashes on my chest.

They're clean, and I need to keep it that way.

I trotted over to the tree inside of the cove, and jumped into its leaves. I then twisted my tail around it, and let myself hang from a thick branch.

â€¦Only for my tail to ache in pain, and for me to fall ungracefully to the floor, smacking my head.

Ah, yes, mangled tailâ€¦ I really need to stop forgetting this.

I blew a light stream of fire underneath the tree, making a nice, warm, decontaminated area to sleep.

I curled up in the spot, and drifted off to sleep.

I need rest, a lot of it.

Hopefully by tomorrow, I should be able to get out of this canyon. With my forepaw fixed, I should have no trouble climbing.

Everything will be alrightâ€¦| Nothing to worry about.

Denial is unhealthy, but I can't think about my tailâ€¦|

Everythingâ€¦| Will beâ€¦| Alrightâ€¦|

* * *

><p>Yes, slightly shorter than the first, but i'm very busy, and i'm surprised I got this out now at all. Again, I apologize for the wait.

* * *

><p>Review Replies for this Chaper

* * *

><p>TreepeltA113
2011-10-12 . chapter 2**

Very well done; very gross, but this is rated T, so it's my fault, I guess...:) You don't have to excuse the cannibalism, either. If it's part of your story, it's part of your story. The human gore was slightly overused, it was passed off almost casually. I enjoyed your description of humans by Toothless, and I hope that the Forbidden Friendship scene will be happy, at least!

****My Reply****

I'm glad you like my story. I know that it is my story, and I may do whatever I damn well please with it, but I feel that just writing whatever comes to mind with no explanation is not fun for the reader.

Imagine writing like eating. I have to describe, and and context for you to chew this story, and read it. Otherwise, I would just be cramming it down your throat, and you would be choking so much that you would just be turned off of this story all together... Yes, this metaphor is weird.

And, yes, I did exaggerate the gore, and I did make it so Toothless is not very interested in it. There are two things I want to depict here, the fact that this village is a very brutal and violent one, and that Toothless has spilled his fair share of blood, and isn't very phased by the display of gore. In the summary, I did say this is a darker look at the HTTYD universe, something that a kids movie doesn't deliver. In the movie, they say a lot about gore and violence, yet they never show it because of rating. Simply this depicts just how dangerous the life they live is.

3. H The Beast's Eyes

****Sorry about the long update... I know it's annoying to wait so**

long, and I'm sorry. I've been busy with school, family, blah blah blah.**

You don't want to hear about my life. Moving on then...

* * *

><p>Tonightâ€¦ I will become a legend.<p>

I turned to the bola launcher that had misfired earlier. I grabbed a pair of bolas off of the wall, and threw it over my shoulder.

â€¦Then one of the ends swings around my arm and hit me in the gut.

I coughed in pain, holding my gut. Man, those things pack a punchâ€¦

I'm learning new and interesting ways to hurt myself every day. Joy.

I carefully put the bola over my shoulder, to avoid making the same mistake twice.

I then grabbed the handles of the bola launcher, and rolled it on its wheel, much like that of a wheelbarrow.

I then ran out the door, up to the highest point in the town. No fire, dragons, or people to distract me there. The battle is dying down, so I must act quickly before the Night Fury leaves.

I got on top of the small hill, put the bola launcher down, opened it up, set the rotating hinge to a correct axis, loaded the bola, pulled the loading mechanism back, and readied the firing mechanismâ€¦

â€¦Silence.

A distant roar sounds, could be of the Night Fury, or any other dragon.

I just need to waitâ€¦

I need to find its outlineâ€¦

Uhg, I won't be able to find it until it attacks again.

What if I miss? How can I hit something even the eye misses?

Well I can load it up for another- damn it! I only brought one bola! Why! Why was I not thinking!

"It's probably gone already. I guess only I could be late to a battle happening right outside my door, Hiccup the worthless." I said to myselfâ€¦

â€¦

"I need to stop talking to myself." I said again.

Then I noticed a star disappear, and reappear.

"Yes!" I said quietly.

I put my hand on the firing mechanism, and aimed the launcher.

I'm going to shoot that Night Fury, if it is the last thing I doâ€|

"Come onâ€| Gimme something to shoot at, gimme something to shoot atâ€|" I said quietly to myself.

I heard distant screeching, a whistling noise of an incoming ballistic fireballâ€|

Too fast for my eye to see, a tower close by was lit up in lavender-orange fire.

I panicked, and pulled the firing mechanism as I fell back, offsetting the aim.

"No!" I shouted.

The bola launched. I missed, because of my own stupid clumsiness.

"Yes, Hiccup the useless can't even kill a dragon using a machine. Why, you may ask, am I called Hiccup the useless? Because I'm use-"

I was cut off by a distant roar of pain.

My eyes widened at the site of an outline of a black dragon fell to the islandâ€|

"â€|less." I finished, not quite comprehending of the extreme deed I have just committed.

"â€|I hit it." I said to myself.

"I hit itâ€|" I said again, confirming to myself that just happened.

"YES! I HIT IT!" I said with enormous excitement, ready to burst at the pure rush of both pride and happiness.

"Did anybody see that!" I asked, with a big grin as I turned around to see no Vikings in viewâ€|

â€| Of course no one was watching.

I suddenly heard the large 'CRUNCH' of wood snapping.

I turned around to see a very large and very angry Monstrous Nightmare, who had just stepped on my bola launcher, completely destroying it.

Yes, thank you Odin. I hit a Night Fury, and I also thought that I would hit a Night Fury if it was the last thing I did.

“ And so you send a dragon to kill me shortly after.

Very funny, Odin. I'm glad you find my life so fun to toy with.

I took off in the opposite direction screaming, as the Nightmare was in close pursuit.

He had shot his fire once, and it had narrowly avoided my head.

I continued to run further into town, hoping that someone would distract it.

It continued to give chase, and it shot more fire in my direction, this time narrowly missing my torso, but catching my vest on fire.

While I ran, I quickly discarded the vest, and continued running.

Another shot of fire had hit my left foot, on the very heel. I hissed in pain as I tripped. I looked behind me to see the Nightmare getting VERY close.

I scrambled upwards, and limped behind a dragon torch, something we use to light up the sky to see any flyers.

Another blast of fire hit the back of the pole that holds up the massive torch, almost hitting my arms, and completely engulfing the base of the pole in flames.

I closed my eyes, knowing that its head was probably peering at me right now.

Great, can't wait to see mom.

Suddenly, a battle cry sounded, and I heard the sound of a large 'SMACK' behind me.

I opened my eyes to see Stoic the Vast, who had punched the Nightmare square in the face.

I turned to see the Nightmare, about to blast Stoic with fire, when it came up short, only releasing a small little spray of magma-like substance over the floor.

"You're all out." Stoic said quietly, as he raised his fists to fight the Nightmare.

Really? He's fighting it with his fists? We already know what you're capable of Stoic, now you are just being a show off.

Fighting a several hundred pound winged fire breathing beast with your bare hands, is something only Stoic could ever do and win.

Stoic gave it fast blows to the head, expertly dodging any attack made by the Nightmare.

The Nightmare, knowing that it cannot win this battle without its

fire, flew away for its life.

Stoic stood tall, and turned to the currently burning pole.

The pole then collapsed onto the turning portion, turning its foundation into ash. The dragon torch then rolled off of the top of the pole, and rolled down a hill.

... And soon after, I heard a large amount of crashing noises, and I saw several Nadders flying away with sheep soon afterâ€|

Well the captive's nets must have been hit on the way downâ€|

Yes, one more thing to add to the list of things people will yell at me for.

I turned to Stoic, who had a face of burning red anger.

Ah, yes, there is one thing I had forgotten to mention earlier.

"Sorryâ€| Dadâ€|" I said to Stoic, my father.

Then we saw more Nadders with many more sheep, two of which are using their nets to carry three or four sheep.

Must have hit another captive netâ€| Howâ€| Unluckyâ€|

"â€|Okay but I hit a Night Fury." I said very quickly, not making eye contact.

Without hesitation, he grabbed me by the back of my shirt, and started dragging me to our house. I hissed at the pain of walking on a freshly burned foot.

"It's not like the last few times, dad! I really, actually hit it! You guys were busy, and I had a very clear shot!" I pleaded.

I recalled the memory of the outline falling, and I came up with a possible location.

"It went down! Just off Raven Point! Let's get a search party out there before it-"

"STOP!" Stoic shouted, letting go of me.

"Justâ€| stop. Every time you step outside, disaster follows! Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter is almost here, and I have an entire village to feed!"

I swallowed nervouslyâ€|

"Between you and me, the village could go with a little less feedingâ€|" I said quietlyâ€| even though the gasps of those gathered around made it very clear that it was heard.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup!" He shouted, silencing me.

He sighed.

"Why can't you follow the simplest orders?" He asked.

"I-I can't stop myself! I see a dragon, and I just have to" I made a twisting motion with my hand, as if I was snapping a neck.

"kill it, you know? It's who I am, dad!" I finished.

He sighed yet again.

"Uhg, you are many things, Hiccup. But a dragon killer is not one of them. Get back to the house." He told me.

No one knows how to encourage me quite like good ol' dad. I'm overflowing with self esteem now.

â€|Wow. Even in my thoughts, I'm sarcastic.

"â€| And make sure he gets there, I have his mess to clean up." Stoic told Gobber.

Gobber came behind me, and promptly batted the back of my head.

We walked through town, and we passed the other young bloods.

"Quite the performance." Tuffnut commented.

"I've never seen anybody mess up that badly. That helped!" Snoutlout said.

"Thank you, thank you. I was really trying." I said sarcastically.

The rest of them remained quiet as Gobber grabbed Snoutlout by the head, and threw him to the ground. He got up and continued laughing smugly as if nothing happened.

Gobber escorted me around the aftermath of the carnage, several bodies of both human and dragon lie around, more dragon than human. This would be heavy hitting on any spoiled twit from an English kingdom, because in their little lands, they don't have to fight for their lives and live with death every single day of their lives. To us, mornings like this are passed off almost casually.

At least if you aren't the one who lost someone.

I, being Hiccup, never exactly met many people. All the bodies around me are faceless dead being cleaned up to me, yet to someone else, they are their loving family members, reduced to nothing more than dragon chow.

Tragic, some of us deal with this much better than others.

The only blood you are allowed to be afraid of here, is your own.

The fear of death, the anger left from lost family, and general Viking stubbornness is a deadly combination.

They say in many lands that the best warrior is emotionless. To us Vikings, this is wrong. Loss and anger give you power.

My father seems to be killing dragons with no heart involved, but I know very well that as he kills, he thinks of mom.

Maybe I would be angrier if I ever knew my mother. She died in my birth. Maybe that's why I am such a disappointment to dad, as I was created, she was destroyed.

Poetic.

But I should know dad cares about me. He would never show it, and I understand that. We believe a good soldier is driven by emotion, but never shows it.

But that doesn't diminish the fact that he is so disappointed that I am not exactly like him. This is rather surprising, since my mother is a ruthless warrior, my father is a ruthless warrior, and their parents were ruthless warriors, and every generation of Viking on this island has been made of ruthless warriors.

I can almost swear that I was meant to be born in an English kingdom, where strength was unnecessary. But then, Odin pulls a prank and switches the labels on my birth.

Somewhere in a peaceful English kingdom right now, there is a gigantic ruthless killing machine wondering why he was born in such a place where he could never use what he was good at; killing.

As we walked, we saw the sun come up. About bloody time.

My father once said that the Vikings don't wait for the sun; the sun waits for the Vikings. I then questioned why we base our schedule off of something that is following us.

“I then got a sigh of annoyance. I have a nasty habit of asking a few too many questions at the wrong time.

“

"I really did hit a Night Fury." I told Gobber.

"Sure, Hiccup." He said, unconvinced.

"He never listens!" I said again, annoyed at the thought of my father.

"Well it runs in the family." Gobber said.

"-and when he does, it's always with this“ disappointed scowl like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich." I continued.

We reached the house, and the charred remains of the door“ at least all of it didn't burn down.

I stepped up on the porch, and did a mocking impersonation of Stoic.

"Excuse me, barmaid! I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring! I ordered an extra large boy with beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side! This here, this is a talking fishbone!" I said, mocking my

dad's heavy accent.

"Now, yer thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like; it's what's inside that he can't stand." Gobber said, attempting to cheer me upâ€| and clearly failing.

I gave him a look that I like to call; 'did you really just say that?'

"Thank you, for summing that up." I said dryly.

"Look, te' point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not." He finished.

I rolled my eyes.

"I just want to be one of you guysâ€|" I said, in a discouraged tone.

I walked into the house, and Gobber just let a sigh and walked away.

I sat down on a chair, took off the left fur boot that had been almost turned to ash due to the earlier burn.

I looked at my foot, to see it wasn't very bad. Quite a few blisters, but I'll live.

I've been through worse injuriesâ€| sadly caused by my own clumsiness.

I grabbed a small map, and put it into my jacket.

I ran out the back door of the house, towards raven point.

I do want to be one of them. But after this, I will be greater than all of them. They'll see.

Now everyone will wish they were Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, not the other way around.

I grinned to myself as I ran, thinking about what will happen after I find the Night Fury.

I opened the little map, drawn in charcoal.

Charcoal on a stick (or as it is properly named, a pencil) is much more efficient than an ink feather. Not exactly ideal for permanent writings, since you can rub it off with your sleeve.

I thought for a few brief moments, trying to remember exactly where I saw it fallâ€|

That is impossible to tellâ€| I do not know how big this thing is, so the outline of it falling could mean anywhere from just outside of the village to the other side of the island.

â€|Probably the other side of the island. My grandfather said Night Furies have to be big in order to conjure such a devastating blast.

Giant body, blood red hate-filled eyes, and midnight black scales. It shouldn't be too hard to find.

I just hope the bola still has it tied upâ€|

* * *

><p>Several hours have passed, and I haven't found anything!<p>

I looked at the little map, and at all of the little cross marks that signify that I have searched that particular area.

I had met the final possible point of landing, and before looking up, I took a breath, closed my eyes, and silently prayed that the dragon would be there.

I opened my eyes, to seeâ€| nothing. Absolutely bloody nothing.

I let out a discouraged sigh, as I drew another cross marking this positionâ€|

Angry, I scribbled all over the map, threw the pencil into the map, and put the map in my vest.

"The Gods hate me." I said angrily to myself. Considering how unlucky this day, no my past existence has been, there is simply no other explanation

"Some people lose their knife or their mugâ€| No not me! I manage to lose an entire dragon!" I said, as I angrily swatted away a branch in my path, only for it to swing back and hit me in the face.

"Thank you again, Odin!" I shouted, holding my eye.

I paused for a few seconds.

"I really need to stop talking to myselfâ€|" I said quietly as I looked at the branch that smacked me across the face.

It was part of a collapsed treeâ€| It couldn't be a Timberjack, if it was, the cut would be clean, and the entire forest would be this way, plus Timberjacks are only found further south, in an area known as the land of the dead forests.

I looked at where the tree had fallen, and saw a large path of destructionâ€| almost as if something-

â€|crash landed here.

I looked closer on the base of the tree, and saw a large claw mark. Defiantly not Monstrous Nightmare or Zippleback scratchesâ€|

I walked down the little path of destruction, and found that it ramped off of a little hill. I peered over the hill, and ducked my head at the sight ofâ€|

A slick, black dragonâ€|

I raised my head slowly, and fumbled around my vest and my belt

looking for my lucky knife. I drew the knife, and continued.

I looked at it, it was defiantly tangled in the bola, and a few large rocks were just before its path.

If it's not dead from that, it must be in a LOT of pain from smashing into those things.

I scurried to one of the large rocks, and hid behind it, just in case it was alive, and was able to get out.

I walked out from the rock, and saw no breathing or movement from the dragon.

From here, I could see in detail what the dragon looked like. Well, almost. Half of it was covered or tangled behind it. I suppose I can look further into its appearance once I've skinned it.

From what I could see, it was heavily wounded. There was blood all over the dirt; one of its paws was bent into a strange position although I'm not sure if it's supposed to be like that. It had large gashes on its chest and abdominal area, and a lot of its scales on its side were pulled off in the crash. I could see little black scales along the crash trail, now that I remember. They shimmered with crimson when in sunlight. If it didn't die from the crash, it died from the blood loss.

"Oh my- wow! I-I-I did it!" I said to myself, not quite able to believe what I am seeing.

I imagined it so much bigger! Granted, it's at least three times my size, but the legendary Night Fury was prophesied to be larger than twenty full grown men combined.

"Oh, I-I did it! This fixes everything! Yes!" I said enthusiastically, silently thanking Odin.

"I have brought down this mighty beast!" I said, putting my foot onto the corpse's leg.

! Then the 'corpse' shook my leg off.

I jumped back in fright from the sudden movement of the suddenly alive dragon.

With my back against a rock, I pointed my knife at it, shaking.

It took every ounce of willpower I had to step forward to such a legendary beast. For all I knew, it could conjure lightning bolts, teleport, or even kill me just by looking into its eyes!

I treaded carefully towards the heavily-breathing creature, knife in front.

With my last thought, I'm not sure what condemned me to look at its eye, but I did.

My eyes slowly met it's!

It's! it's nothing like my grandfather described. They were not

blood red, filled with hate for all of humanity. They were green, cat like eyes, but most characteristically, how filled to the brim with fear those eyes were.

Its breathing, its stare, its behaviorâ€¦ This mighty beast fears me! Me! Hiccup the useless!

-and yetâ€¦ I do not feel very glorious about it. As it continued to stare at me, the more nervous I became.

I took a few deep breaths, and called anger to my heart, thinking that this will lessen the fear.

"I-I'm going to kill you dragonâ€¦" I said quietlyâ€¦

"I'm gonna- then I'm going to cut out your heart, and bring it to my fatherâ€¦" I continued to it, knowing it probably couldn't understand me. I turned my blade into a stabbing position.

"I am a Vikingâ€¦" I said quietly to myself. GET ANGRY! SHOW NO MERCY

"I AM A VIKING!" I had shouted at the dragon. In response, it moaned slightly.

I continued breathing, calling hate into my heart, calling will, calling strength, as I raised my knife above my head, closing my eyes.

And yet, no matter how much I tried to be filled with hate, and anger, I couldn't hide my ever-growing fear. It was tied up, I was not. It is defenseless, I am not. I can kill it, it cannot kill meâ€¦ So why am I so afraid!

I reluctantly opened my eyes, and gazed at the dragon's eyes yet again.

Itâ€¦ It is much more afraid than I am. It gazes at me, and it sees the end of its life. I can feel it. I can sense the sheer terror coming from such a merciless killing machine.

It's afraid to die.

I shook my head of my thoughts, closed my eyes, and was ready to deliver the killing blowâ€¦

And I opened my eyes again, and the beast's eyes did not meet mine again.

It had lowered its head, and closed its eyes.

It was afraid to die, and yet it accepted it. It knew of its fate, and did not fight.

I closed my eyes again, so only the stressed breathing of the beast bothered my senses.

I sucked in my breath, and tensedâ€¦ andâ€¦

My hands dropped, resting the knife upon my head.

I can't do it.

Iâ€¦ I simply can't.

I don't know why, I just do not have the willâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I will not kill this dragon.

I looked closer at the wounds of the dragon, the blood that stained the ground I stand on, the stressed breathing of this suffering creatureâ€¦ Whether or not it is a dragon, it feels pain, and fear, andâ€¦ it feels.

Even though it was a legendary creature, a creature that had been torturing and killing my family for several years, a creature, that if I kill, I could become a legendâ€¦

I felt guilt.

Guilty of bringing so much suffering to another living beingâ€¦

"I did thisâ€¦" I said to no one in particularâ€¦

Perhaps Gobber was rightâ€¦ I shouldn't try to be something I'm not. And no matter how hard I tryâ€¦ I'm never going to get the willpower to endow suffering onto another creature.

As I began to walk away, something stopped meâ€¦

â€¦If that dragon couldn't escape after that many hours, and if he's bleeding that much, he will be trapped here. He will either starve to death or bleed to death.

As much as my common sense was telling me to stop, I needed to free it.

It seemed too wounded to do anything right after I free it, so I could cut the ropes, run away, and have the sense of satisfaction of being the first one to see a Night Fury.

I used the knife, and began cutting the ropes.

One rope was cut, and I could hear that the creature's steady breathing stopped.

The second rope was cut, and the ropes around its legs loosened.

The third rope was cut, and the dragon jumped me before I could react.

It had spun to its feet at incredible speeds, its good paw both disarmed me, and pinned my neck to the wallâ€¦

I both got the wind knocked out of me, and the shit scared out of me.

It held me against the rock, and our eyes met again. But the eyes I saw were no longer fearful, but rather filled with sheering anger.

It continued to hold me in place, I was far too scared to scream, or do anything for that matter. I felt its claws dig into my collar bone, and touch my neck.

Yet something else was in those eyes... Not murderous rage, but ratherâ€| hesitation.

â€|Then the dragon opened its mouth and narrowed its eyesâ€|

My mistake! It was murderous rage!

Does this count as a battle? Do I get to go to Valhalla?

I closed my eyes, as it let out a deafening roar right into my face. When I opened my eyes, it was gone, and all I heard were roars in the distance.

... The legend is correct; it is the offspring of lightning.

Yet I do not appear to be dead or dyingâ€| Waitâ€| That meansâ€|

It let me live.

Maybe Odin doesn't hate me. He just really despises me.

I got up, picking up my knife, unbelieving of what just happened.

I walked a few steps before all the blood left my legs; I dropped my knife, fell face first onto the floor, and fainted.

* * *

><p>I opened my eyes several hours laterâ€| I think.<p>

The sun was far west, so it was time to get home. I got up, dusted myself off, grabbed my knife, and began walking.

What was going through my head while I was walking was a blur, but all I knew, is that I couldn't quite believe what had happened.

* * *

><p>I made it inside of the village right after nightfall, and went to my house.<p>

I noticed the door was back, and the chars on the frame were patched. We here at Berk are incredibly fast builders.

The village is seven generations old, yet every building is newâ€| due to the dragons.

You can't expect wooden houses to last very long when your area is inhabited by fire breathing dragons. So we learned how to build. Fast.

With five men, a house frame could be done in one day. Walls, floor, and ceiling in two days. Furniture and living quarters in three days.

I walked inside, and closed the door quietly.

I saw my father poking at a fire, so I tried to slip by him and get up the stairs quietly.

"Hiccup." He stated, as I was half way up the stairs.

"Dad, uhhâ€|" I said quietly, as I stopped and faced him, and he faced me.

"I need to talk to you dad." I said, recalling the events this morning.

"I need to speak with you as well, son." He said.

We both inhaled deeply.

"I don't want to fight dragons." I said, and he had said something at the same time.

"What?" We both asked each other.

"You go first." Dad said.

"No, no you go first." I told him, as I lowered from the steps.

"All rightâ€| You get your wish. Dragon trainingâ€| You start in the morning." He said.

"Oh, man. I should've gone first." I said quickly.

"Because I was thinkingâ€| You know, we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings, butâ€| do we have enough bread making Vikings, or home repair Vikings?"

"You'll need this." Dad said, ignoring me as he dropped a large, heavy axe in my arms.

"I-I don't want to fight dragons." I said, holding the axe.

"Come on. Yes, you do!" He said, chuckling.

"Rephrase. Dad, I can't kill dragons." I tried to tell him, as he turned his back.

"But you will kill dragons!" He tried to encourage meâ€| Not helping very much.

"No, I'm really, very extra sure that I won't." I tried to convince him.

"It's time, Hiccup." He said, turning to me again.

"Can you not hear me!" I asked, frustrated.

"This is serious, son." He said, as he continued to ignore my pleads.

"When you carry this axeâ€|" He said as he took the axe from my arms and held it with one arm.

"You carry all of us with you." He said, putting it back into my arms.

"Which means you walk like us-" He said, correcting my posture.

"You talk like usâ€¦ You think like us." He said, gesturing to his head.

"No more ofâ€¦ This." He said, gesturing to me.

"You just gestured to all of me." I said dryly.

"Deal?" He asked.

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided."

"Deal!" He asked again, louder.

I sighed, defeatedâ€¦

"Dealâ€¦" I said.

"Good." He sighed, and grabbed a large sack behind him.

"Train hard. I'll be backâ€¦ probably." He said, as he grabbed his horned helmet, and started walking to the door.

Where is he goi- oh wait. It's time for our annual 'hunt.' Since June is our only month of no snow or ice, the Vikings take advantage of this, and set the ships off to find the dragon source, and destroy the nest.

Or at least we think there is a nest. They all come from one particular direction, generally past the area in which we have named 'Helheim's Gate' because of all of the people who had died there.

Somehow my father always comes back alive. Even if they did sink his ship, he is strong enough to swim back. Some might say that's impossible, but they have not met dad.

"â€¦And I'll be hereâ€¦ maybe." I said he walked out the door.

We Vikings aren't very good with 'hellos' and 'goodbyes.'

I went upstairsâ€¦ Well today has been an interesting day. I'm the very first person to ever see a Night Furyâ€¦ and no one would believe me even if I told them.

I sighed. Well it always was my dream since I was eight. Back when it was first sighted.

The Viking's world was set upside down as they saw their buildings be pounded into dust by an unseen offender. Most believed it was Zeus hurling thunder bolts.

The elder says that the Night Furies live in a very far away land, and should not be here.

That means the one I shot down is the only Night Fury in this

land.

I wonder why it came here, eight years ago.

And how, in a matter of eight years, did it become more legendary than any of the dragons we have been fighting for 350 years.

Most Vikings live for 50 years, and the elder has lived for a whopping 75 years, which is why she knows best. She is the one who decides the trainee graduate every year.

I sat onto my bed, took off my boots, and my vest, and lied- OW!

I hit my head on the headboard again!

That's it. I'm removing that first thing tomorrowâ€¦

* * *

><p>Don't forget to review! And remember, I may respond to you on the chapter you reviewed on, so check back if you asked for a response.

* * *

><p>Tagesh
>2011-10-24 . chapter 3

That was a fun chapter, and I agree with Cocoasit that your writing style is very good. I was particularly interested in the thoughts you added to the narration, and the humour as well. I guess I'd take being despised by Odin rather than out-right hated. ;-).

Cheers, T.

****My reply****

I'm glad you enjoy reading my story as much as I enjoy writing it. Thank you.

And I enjoy adding Hiccups thoughts into the picture as well. I do this for a reason. I feel without insight from the character, the character becomes a cardboard cutout mindlessly following your story line without thought, which can lead to many plot holes and can make him a generally unlikable character. I want to avoid this by adding his thoughts, personal feelings, and sometimes just little humorous tidbits to make the reader smile. Hiccup has an established personality, and I wish to keep him in character.

****Cocoasit ****

>2011-10-23 . chapter 3

I adore this story. It is a COMPLETE mystery to me why you don't have like, ten times the reviews. Your detail and grammar is amazing, and I love the further insight into characters. I personally love darker takes on HTTYD, and I don't mind one bit more mature and goring things. In fact, I can't wait to see how you deviate from the movie-the more the better in my opinion!

I really liked Toothless' chapter, btw. Its my favorite so far.

I hope more people take the chance to read this soon. You deserve a bunch more praise! Next chapter please!

****My Reply****

I really don't have much to reply, I just wanted to personally thank you for making my day.

****TreepeltA113 ****

>2011-10-25 . chapter 3

Wow! That was really strong and a good representation of the movie. I really liked it. It was a little different from the last two chapters; you added more breaks this time. I sort of liked the last couple better; it seemed more natural for you to tell the story that way.

...

ALL RIGHT! Sorry, this little pet peeve is bugging me. Really, ignore this if you want, but Vikings do not use the English alphabet, true? Therefore, the marks would not be X's. They would be...marks. Just had to get that out.

That was a petty concern. Continue, please.:3

****My Reply****

...Oh wow, you're right. I'd better change that.

I'll bet in the near future, someone will be reading this reply, and wonder what you were talking about.

Oh, and I do the line breaks because it would be no fun writing every detail of searching the island, and it would be really boring reading that... Generally I use line breaks to skip past an area in which absolutely NOTHING happens. The last few chapters didn't have as many simply because there wasn't reason to have many. No large time skips, since the first chapter takes place within one hour of time, and the second only takes place within a few hours. This chapter takes up an entire day... You see my point.

****Fjord Mustang ****

****2011-10-29 . chapter 3****

Sorry I have not reviewed on this sooner. I've been enjoying your chapters. You have really been adding some nice extra insights and back story to Hiccup and Toothless' viewpoints. I love the sarcasm and sensitivity both have. Hiccup's disgust for the English lands (Anglo Saxons?) is hilarious, especially his worry that he was switched at birth and was really English- all as a pratical joke of the gods.

Hiccup actually comes across as warm natured as he was in the movie. I still am laughing at his comments that he even thinks in sarcasm. And his realizations when he encounters the downed Night Fury and that he cannot see a living creature suffer that way- that was a vital point to his personality.

I like Toothless' POV, too. My fanfic has mostly been showing his POV. He proves to be much like Hiccup in personality with his interesting curiosity and observations about humans. Plus he's tough on himself- he has to be. It would be interesting if you have a backstory on him, as Hiccup indicates he's sure Night Furies come from far away.

I also thought it neat that you put in a lot of noise-sounds into your story, especially in Toothless' point of view. A dragon might notice strange sounds in much more detail than a human would.

The darker, more gritty aspects are realistic, and I appreciate they are not over the top gore. They are just detailed enough to get across how serious or dangerous the situation is.

One critique I do have is that the story seems to shift from present tense to past tense frequently, often within the same paragraph. It would be easier to read if you could keep it in the same tense.

Otherwise, this is a quite insightful retelling of the movie. I look forward to your next chapters.

****My Reply****

Sorry it took so long to write a reply, it's for generally the same reason as to why chapter four took so long. All I can really say is that i'm pleasantly surprised that you have taken a liking to my story. After all, your story "To Soar into the Sunset: A Night Fury's Odd Memoir" is the very first story I read on this site, and inspired me to write one of my own. I am aware of the past/present tense problem, and I will try to catch myself while I do it in later chapters. I will also fix the previous chapters when I find the time. When I write, I go into a trance of some sort, so it makes it difficult for me to catch things like that

Thank you for the kind review, and I hope I did not have you wait too long.

4. T Alkiin

I awoke very steadily, recalling what had happened the day prior.

I looked at my no longer disfigured paw, and saw that it was almost fully healed.

â€|I hear some other species take ****weeks**** to heal from things like this. This is why being in the smug position of superiority is fantastic.

Well, it has been an entire day, so the little human didn't tell the rest of its pack where I am. Smart, since even while wounded, a Nightkin can fight off two Firekin and win.

â€|Well I suppose that might just be me. I've never seen another Nightkin, besides my mother.

To my knowledge, Nightkin never have more than one offspring, and

they leave the offspring months after birth. I suppose that's why my species is so strong, natural selection is very obvious. But it's also why my species is so rare and mysterious, even I don't know much about my own species.

I suppose that is also why we live forâ€¦ wellâ€¦ a very long time. My mother was 3500 years old. It takes us so long in order to find a mate due to our own paranoia, and our rarity.

I think my species may live foreverâ€¦ as long as we don't die from any other cause. Of course this just a guess.

I don't even know much about my own anatomy. I learn my health via opening other creatures similar to my size and shape. This includes fellow kin.

We refer to each other as kin, even though we are of completely different species. We refer to each other as kin simply because we are of similar intelligence, and know a very basic, yet explanatory language. This is why this particular area fascinated meâ€¦ All of the kin here are feral, young, and devoid of any language.

But yet again, the turn of events shows me that some things are best left unknown.

Look at me now, crippled and trapped in a canyon.

The only reason I'm not panicking, is because I'm not completely sure my tailfin will not regenerate. The rest of my body heals up within hours, or days depending on the seriousness of the injury. Although I can't say I have ever had a part of me amputated, so this will be an experiment.

I looked around the canyon.

It's best to leave this place before the human decides to bring its friends. Why it hasn't so far is beyond meâ€¦

I ran up to a wall, jumped, and started clawing up, until a pain in my chest made me drop.

The pain only increased the more I tried to get outâ€¦ or do anything that demands a lot of energy. Whenever I start to pant or breath heavily, I feel incredible pain in my chest.

I used my wings to get lift, as I jumped across the small lake inside of the area I'm in, and started clawing up furiouslyâ€¦ only to start paining in my chest one again. Once I fell too far, I glided across to the other side of the lake, landing ungracefully due to both chest painsâ€¦ and my cripple.

I then jumped on a log, and launched off of it. I glided to another edge of the canyon, but quickly loss balance and fell yet again due to my cripple.

Refusing to give up, I jumped from where I was and began flapping my wings furiously, only to hover in the air for a brief second and fall again.

I launched from the floor again, getting much more air, but my claws

couldn't get a grip to where I launched.

I flew to the other side of the lake yet again, losing air much faster, and my balance slowly decreasingâ€|

I fell yet again, this time staying on the ground. The pain in my chest continued to grow; my stamina is severely reducedâ€| so much for the miraculous recovery.

Short steady breaths and can-do spirit isn't going to get me out of here. I obviously have a broken rib, and it is constricting my breathingâ€| or something like that. Once again, I learned my vague anatomy from OTHER creatures, not my own. So it is impossible to pinpoint the exact cause.

I shot a fireball in angry defeat, knowing I have to stay put for possibly a few more days. At least the broken rib isn't so bad that I cannot use my fire. So if any creatures give me trouble, I can cook them to a golden brownâ€| that's a lie, actually. I would reduce them to nothing more than a red mist.

I am getting rather hungryâ€| so I'd better-

I just noticed a fish swimming around inside of the lake. I approached quickly, and drove my head into the water. All of the fish escaped my mouthâ€| perhaps I was too eagerâ€|

I lied my head down in defeatâ€| Just another day of healingâ€| Just one more and-

I heard a small clutter nearby, and a small wooden object fell from the edge of the canyon.

Upon seeing this, I looked to the source to see a small human hatchlingâ€|

Is this the one that had spared my life..? Perhapsâ€| they all look the same.

Wait, not quite, this one is smaller. Runt, underfedâ€| yes that would be the one. What compels the creature to come back? The only reason I didn't kill it is because it poses no threat to me any longer.

Perhaps it is sick, and that is affecting its ability to thinkâ€|Yes, that would explain its small stature indeed.

This creature stares at me with a look of curiosity, as if it had never seen one of my kind before. Yes, this is expected, but none the less, it has seen me before, while I was entangled and defenselessâ€| a moment I would rather forget.

Perhaps I hit its head a little too hard on the stone I pinned it to.

But what does it want? It is justâ€| looking at me. I cocked my head to the side, wondering what it was thinking about.

It then seemed to realize what was going on, and slowly backed away to the way in which it came. It then scurried out of sight.

â€|Yes, this creature does indeed have a head injury. Due to how many times it tripped while walking in a straight line, I would say it has no perception on what is going on around it.

â€|or maybe that is just a human thingâ€| although from many years of observation, the other humans seem much more coordinatedâ€| so it's more than likely he has a head injury/sickness.

Wait, why am I thinking of the human?

I suppose my curiosity can never be silenced, no matter the situation. Speaking of which, what had the human dropped? A little wooden stick, perhaps? Why was it carrying it?

I glided over to the other side of the canyon, where the stick fell.

I pawed it to the open, and observed it.

It is a little wooden stick, with a small black rock attached to the tip of it. What purpose can this possess? Is it a killing tool?

I curiously touched the black rock with my paw, for it to rub off onto me. This rock is far too soft for killing, although it could create a very large infection should it break the scales and skinâ€| But it won't, because it is too soft.

Why does the rock have to be on the end of a stick? Humans have been very smart and creative in the past, but this is just outright pointless. All this thing can do is leave little black marks, which blends with my scales anywayâ€| What was it planning to do with this?

I left the littleâ€| 'rock-stick' where it was, and trotted to the tree I had a heated bed underneath.

I looked at my tail curiouslyâ€| I see that the sever wound has closed, but the fin certainly hasn't grown back yet, nor am I sure it can grow back.

I suppose what this means is that I can sleep in the trees again. The ground is far too infested andâ€| dusty. I would prefer just hanging in the air. I don't feel as safe sleeping on the ground.

Sickness is best to be avoided, especially in my conditionâ€|

I jumped into the tree, onto the thickest branch, and hung myself by the tail.

Although sleeping in trees is a luxury, most trees cannot support my weight on one branch.

(A/N: After this exact line, I met MASSIVE writer's block. I'll say again, sorry for the extremely long update time.)

The pressure in my head is relaxing. I think it is all of the blood in my body falling to my head; it helps me think and sleep.

â€|I wonder if while I stand up, all my blood flows to my feet.

Perhaps if I keep my head lower than my feet, then I can think more clearly.

Why have I never thought of that before? I should try thatâ€¦ wait, if I would have to keep my head below my feet, wouldn't I have to bury my head into the ground?

Hmâ€¦ Ideas always sound great just before you really think about them.

Maybe if I fly upside down, more blood will rush to my wings, and I can fly faster! Wait, but if I'm upside down, I would have no lift, and would just fall out of the sky.

Why does my anatomy always contradict with my fantastic ideas? Why can't my wings be upside down so I could do that?

I have no idea why I am here; some kin believe there is an omnipotent figure that created all. I wonder why my creator didn't give me upside down wings, because that is geniusâ€¦ and also make me biggerâ€¦ and make the sun go away. It is too bright.

Now all of the blood in my head is starting to make me tired.

It's a shame that hanging from a tree can make you think so great, and yet make you so tired. One could have a thousand epiphanies from hanging in a tree for one night, if only you could stay awake while it happens.

Perhaps I should explore more. It has been eight years since have moved any great distance. I need to find the edge of the world a lot of kin had spoken of many years ago, a place of infinite ice, and no life, yet, in the skies, the light dances with colors of purple, red, and deep green most of all. They say look into the direction in which the sun sets, and travel to your right. You will eventually find it.

I hope my cripple heals, I have so much to see, and all of it requires flight. I can't be stuck on this small island for eternity! That is a fate worse than death!

I have healed from worse injuries, and I am sure it will be fineâ€¦ Although I've never grown a limb back before, so this might take longer than usual.

â€¦It's best not to sleep with a worried mind. I need to clear my thoughts.

Justâ€¦Sleepâ€¦

* * *

><p>I awoke the next morning- no, not morning. The sun was high, so I had been sleeping for a very long time.<p>

The broken rib(s) did reduce my stamina. I usually do not need this much sleepâ€¦ I usually don't need to sleep for more than four hours.

In an unrelated note, I am very hungry. I need to get a fish, and

now-

I heard somethingâ€¦| Something is nearby.

I listened closerâ€¦|

It sounds like one creature, walking on two legs, according to how many steps are takenâ€¦| a very clumsy creature, that trips very often.

It is obviously a humanâ€¦| there are not many other creatures I know of that walk on two legs, besides birdsâ€¦| I do not think birds get that big, though. If it were a Quillkin approaching, why would it not be flying?

Yes, I think I have established that it is a human, and it is getting closer.

I trotted to a nearby stack of rocks, and leaped onto it.

I have the higher ground and the advantageâ€¦| unless the human comes from one of the edges of this canyon. That is unlikely, because the footsteps would be much fainter up there.

I heard slight clattering coming from the small crack in the canyonâ€¦| Soon after which, something was thrown from it.

I ducked my head behind the rock, and then raised it again, to examine what was thrown.

Aâ€¦| fish. Well, I am rather hungr- no. I will not fall into your trap, human. I know your tactics, and your clever little ways of bringing your enemies to you.

After another few cluttered movement sounds, the small human showed itself.

Ah, yes, the underfed sick human is back. VERY sick human at that, it is clearly not reasoning.

It collected its fish, and walked forward from the crack, in front of me.

â€¦|The human is completely oblivious to my presence.

Now YOU are falling into MY trap, human.

Wait, something as insignificant as this sick being isn't worth setting up a trap for, when I could just as easily bite its head off in a single motion. I've never tasted human before, but I'll bet they taste somewhat like a deer that had been buried in gravel.

I advanced, and the human took notice of me shortly afterwards.

I leapt from the rocks, and strafed in front of the human.

The human looked startled, but not nearly as afraid as it was when we had first encountered.

I positioned myself into a combat stance, and gestured my head as if

to say, 'I dare you'

In response, the human motioned the fish towards me, as if... offering it?

Somewhat odd, most creatures swallow the food before offering it, but then again, he is small. In order to spit that out again, it would be in small chunks, which is ultimately unsatisfying.

I slowly approached, looking for any signs of incoming attack, or trap. I opened my mouth, sniffing the fish for any kind of rot or reason the human doesn't want it, but what I found instead, was the smell of stone. A very distinct smell of the shine-stone that the human used to cut the-

It's a killing stone!

I jumped back into a defensive stance, growling lowly. The human must have noticed that its trap failed, and it revealed his kill-stone, that was bonded to its hip.

It touched the kill stone, and I growled, ready for it to strike.

It seemed to be startled by my aggressive growl, and took a single step backwards.

It drew its weapon, and dropped it to his side. I watched it carefully, and I let out a confused grunt. In response, it picked it up with its back paw, and threw it into the nearby lake.

I saw as the killing tool sunk down to the bottom of the water, and I wasâ€| confused. After years of observing the humans, I had learned they never part from their kill-stones, even while no danger is present.

Clearly this is no ordinary human. Perhaps as the omega of the pack, it does not follow the same basic behavioral traits.

I gave a last smell, and I smelled no more kill-stone on the human. After which, I relaxed my stance, observing the human as it stared at me. There is no harm it can do to me without it's kill-stone, besides beat uselessly at my scalesâ€|

It reacted to my relaxed stance, and offered the fish yet again. I pondered as to what the human could gain from offering me this food. Does it understand that I am hungry? Why would it care?

I advanced yet again, being paranoid of the human's movements.

As I drew close, I opened my maw, and the human began blithering in its primitive language idly.

How can any living being understand such a language, just a bunch of clicks of the teeth and tongue, and quiet roars while doing so?

"TÃ¶nnminnaâ€|" It seemed to muse.

"Ã¶g hefÃ¶i getaÃ¶ sváriÃ¶ Ã¶Ã¶ hefÃ¶ir-

I retracted my teeth, and snatched the fish from the human's paws.

The human jumped back, startled as I chomped the fish up and swallowed it.

"â€|tennur."

I eyed the human, examining it further.

If this human is an omega, then it must be difficult for it to receive food. It must have worked very hard for such a small creature to get that fish.

I suppose every kind act must be repaid, even though it does not make much sense why the human gave me this fish in the first place, nor do I understand why the human let me live.

Plus, seeing as to how underfed this human is, it would be cruel not to portion at least half of the fish to it.

I approached the human again, and the human was startled, constantly backing away as I came closer until it hit a rock, blithering in it's language mindlessly.

It stared back at me for a brief second, as if wondering what I am doing.

Feeling about in my stomach, I had used my stomach-muscles to force half of the chewed fish up to my throat, from which I regurgitated onto the human's legs.

After this, it made a sound. I took it as a sound of approval. I then mimicked the strange way in which the human lied. I put my body weight onto the base of my tail, and let my two back legs remain idle as I lifted the upper half of my body similar to that of a human.

The human stared at me, with the half-fish in its paws. I was unsure if it was giving me a confused look or asking permission.

I looked at the fish, and back to the human, as if saying 'it is yours.'

The human mimicked me, looked down at the fish, and then back at me. It seemed to understand the message, as it soon after raised it to its mouth, and bit a portion of the fish off.

The human was making strange noises, however, and kept the portion in its mouth. Does it not know how to swallow? How does a creature like this survive? It seemed to look to me as if asking what next.

I swallowed loudly, sending the hint that he must do that in order to eat it.

The human's face got a look of what appeared to be realization, and dropped the fish to its back legs.

It had trouble swallowing, as I imagined it was its first time. Is this human a newborn, perhaps? I figured they would be smallerâ€| No,

I smell hormones on the human, so it is now new, perhaps, thick, but not new.

After downing the portion, it made a noise of approval, and twitched in excitement.

I licked my lips, gesturing to the rest of the fish. In response, the human did something with its lips. It curved the ends of its mouth upwards, making one of the strangest faces I had ever seen. I examined the face closely, and saw no muscle strain in the human. Clearly, it is built that way. What does it mean?

I mimicked the human yet again, bending my facial muscles to match its. I kept my teeth retracted, less I frighten the human.

Its curved lips went back to normal, and it put the fish beside it. After this, it stood up, reaching towards

"Too close." I growled, as I retracted my teeth and jumped into the air. I then flew clumsily to the other side of the lake, away from the human.

You may be in my presence, human, but do not push your luck.

I shook my head in frustration, as I began heating a bed to lie on. I lay down on the newly heated bed, and lowered my head.

However, my head was quickly heightened when I saw a bird up in a tree. The creature seemed to look at me, and then fly away.

I lowered my gaze, and saw the human sitting in front of me, with its back legs crossed in front of him.

I lifted my tail, and swished it around to my head. The remaining tailfin covered my head from the human.

I heard quiet shuffling, slowly becoming louder, and closer.

I lifted my tail to see the human inching closer to me. Startled, the human jumped up, and began walking away.

The human may be no threat to me, but it is getting annoying

I stood up, and walked lazily back to the tree I had been hanging from earlier. I jumped onto the thickest branch, twisted my tail around the branch, and hung myself upside down.

The human interrupted my sleep, so I will continue to sleep until nightfall.

As I hung upside down, I realized something. The behavior of other animals and even kin seem to revolve around the position of the sun. When the sun is highest, the humans seem to be the most active, and yet as soon as it sets, they all retreat to their little structures. Perhaps they fear the moon or something. I understand that all creatures must sleep at one point, but why always at sundown? Why, I sleep whenever I'm tired. Of course, with my scale color, it is always best to travel at night, but I haven't been doing any travelling for a long time.

“If I can ever get my flight back, the first thing I'm doing is flying as far away from this rock as possible. I do not care how interesting this particular pack of humans is, or how strange the kin are.

The upside down position seemed to take effect, and I slowly closed my eyes.

* * *

<p>I opened my wings and my eyes, blinking in surprise when I found the sun was still up, although barely.<p>

However, the human runt caught my eye. It was still here, doing something.

My surprise was drowned by my curiosity, as to why the human is still here, and what it is doing.

I dropped myself from the tree, and trotted over to the human.

I rose above the human to see what it was doing; it did not seem to notice me.

It was dragging a small twig through the dirt, making small marks. It continued to do so until there was a specific order of lines, some connecting, some curved, some unconnected, some straight.

My eyes widened in surprise when I saw the similarity of these little lines.

I trotted over to the lake, and looked at the reflection before me, after which, I trotted back to the human, and looked at the lines yet again. It was me! The human had somehow rendered my image into the ground!

I cooed at the ingenuity of the human. He had used a twig, and dragged it in the dirt to make lines. He arranged the lines to create an image of my head!

This I must try. I trotted away from the human, who looked back at me in confusion.

I had to find a stick of some sort, one I could use. I walked to a nearby small tree, and ripped it from the ground using my mouth. After which, I began to drag the tree into a single line. I remembered the human had curved the lines, and made separate ones.

I began to curve, twist, and separate the lines, and even adding small dots.

I stopped, and looked back at the human who had a somewhat confused look on its face. Why is it confused? I'm only mimicking it.

I turned back to my work, and added another dot and a few lines. After this, I had stepped away and dropped the tree, and looked at what I had created.

It looked like many lines and dots dug into the ground. I cooed, this time with confusion. How did the human make it resemble my head?

The human thinks of an image, and then makes the lines to resemble it.

While I was thinking as to how the human made the lines resemble my head, I noticed the human put its foot on one of the lines.

I growled lowly, to send the message not to distort my creation.

The human lifted his foot off of the line, and I cooed. The human put its foot on the line again, and I growled again, and then he raised his foot.

Then the human stepped on the line AGAIN.

"Do not test my patience, human." I said lowly, knowing the human cannot understand me. However, it seemed to get the message when it did not step on a line again.

The human stepped over the line, and over another, maneuvering through the maze of dirt trails careful not to step on another line.

The human seemed to be distracted by its movements, since it did not notice it was walking towards me.

Soon, it's back almost hit my chest, and it was startled when he felt my breath.

The human slowly turned around, and met my gaze.

Something I quickly noted was that human eyes were the best way of telling their mood. His eyes were wide, dilated, but then squinted, showing fear, curiosity, and confusion.

The human raised its paw to touch my face, and I quickly squinted my eye, and turned away from him, giving a warning growl.

Why must humans touch everything? They must have no sense of personal space-

My thoughts were quickly silenced when the human turned its head away, and fearfully raised its paw to me, but not touching me. It reached just before my nose.

I let down my guard when I saw that it wasn't touching me, but what was it doing? Does it not realize that I could take its limb off with the single swipe of my paw? Or that I can reduce it to a smoldering pile of burnt flesh? It could clearly understand that, since it feared to even look in my direction.

If it feared me, then why does it take this risk? It does not know what I will do- I do not know what to do.

We cannot communicate, we are of a different species, I can kill it with the flick of my paw, yet- it trusts me-why?

This human is not driven by instinct, sickness, or head injuries, this human has very clear sentient thought, this human feels, this human spared my life, and this human trusts me.

This is not an ordinary human. This one is clearly a runt, shunned from its pack. Does it seek companionship?

It's something deeper than that, I know it. Seconds turned into minutes as I thought, and yet finally, I sent a message of my trust back to the human. I touched my nose its paw, and the startled jump told me the human did not expect me to trust it, or even spare it.

Our gazes met, and time seemed to stop. I gazed into the human's eyes, and saw loneliness, abandonment, and rejection.

At this point, I realized that any creature capable of thought, and feeling, does not deserve to be referred to as an 'it' or called by its species name like it is a beast.

We have no means to communicate what it- no, he is called, or if he is called anything. So I will give him a title.

I will call him Alkiin.

(Pronounced: all-keen)

With that, my eyes dilated, and I walked away from Alkiin.

Alkiin was clearly confused, but seemed satisfied. He then scurried back to the small crack in wince he came, and disappeared from sight.

"Until we meet again." I said aloud, well knowing he does not understand, nor even hear me.

* * *

><p>I am EXTREMELY sorry for the very long wait, but you have no idea what kind of hell my house is at the moment. School is frantic, Christmas shopping is frantic, and my sister's boyfriend drama is frantic. But I've managed to squeeze this chapter out like a difficult shit (please excuse my language and disgusting metaphor, it's really how I talk when I'm not writing.)

Don't expect an update until sometime after Christmas. I gotta spend time with the annoying, yet loving, family.

* * *

><p>TreepeltA113
12/13/11 . chapter 4

>

Woooooooow. Wow. Wow. I love this story so much. The Norse translations were smart on your part. And I like the idea of Hiccup being the omega. What does Akiin stand for? Hiccup?

My reply

Thanks, i'm glad you like the story. Alkiin does not stand for Hiccup, since Toothless does not know Hiccup's name, and probably will never find out his real name. Unless Hiccup wears a name tag written in the language of dragons, but even that would be

impossible, because dragons do not write. The concept of drawing alone is alien to dragons, let alone writing.

I'm... getting off topic again. Anyway, thanks for the review.

****In caverns dark ****
>1222/11 . chapter 4**

0.o

In the dragon language in Skyrim Alkiin means Destroyer child.

****My Reply****

The name has no connection to Skyrim, mainly because I wrote this chapter long before I even had the game. However, out of curiosity, I looked it up. You were half right.

It directly translates to Destroyer Born, not Destroyer Child. Destroyer Child would be 'Alkiir.'

...And now I feel like a massive nerd. Thanks.

****sc****
>1222/11 - 12/31/11 chapter 4**

****1.**** I didn't knowthatbut plez update soon! We want more of alkin and toothy!

****2.**** Ooh dodnd disable toothy!

****3.**** ARGH PLEZ UPDATE ANOTHER PIECE WITH HICCUPS OPINION VERY SOON LIKE JANUARY PLEZ! IMMA SOO LOOKING AHEAD FOR TROUBLES FROM HICCUPS VIEWPOINT...AND WHERE TOOTHLESS GETS HIS NAMES!

****4. ****New years and you sitll haven't turned out an essay o fhiccups viewpoint?

****My Reply****

Well, my thought process translates to this;

"One review? Cool."

"Two reviews by the same person on the same chapter? Okay, that's nice."

"Three reviews? Fair enough, I can dig it."

"Four reviews? Alright, I think you're overdoing it a bit."

As glad as I am that you are so enthusiastic about my writing, perhaps we could limit it to two reviews per chapter? One to say what you'd like about the current chapter, and the next to yell at me for the update delay.

Meh, if anything, I deserve to be yelled at. I'm 50% busy, 50% lazy, 100% procrastinating bitch. I blame Obama for this.

****RamenKnight ****

>1213/11 . chapter 4**

Nice job.

My Reply

Cool bro.

5. H Windows to the Soul

Uhg, at this rate, it will be years before this story is finished. I'll try to speed up. As an apology for such a long update time, this chapter is twice as long as regular Hiccup chapters. Wellâ€¦ not really. It was going to be this long anyway in order to meet Toothless' progress in the story. So for what it's worth, this chapter is long. I wish I could say that is why it took so long to write, but in total, this probably took about six days to write in total. The rest of the time was spent with family, games, or me staring at a blank word document thinking of how to start the chapter, while listening to music. The curse of the gamer is always feltâ€¦

~and yes, I am a gamer if you didn't catch the subtle hints in the pastâ€¦ Don't judge me.

**It's best for me to stop delaying now, and just get to the point.
**

Here is Hiccup, a sensitive yet sarcastic Viking smartass and his 'friends.'

* * *

><p>I blinked my eyes awake, and was about to sit up, but something poked the back of my mind.<p>

I saw the misshapen headboard just above my headâ€¦again.

"Fool me once, shame on you." I said as I slipped out of bed via the side.

I ran downstairs, and picked up my father's woodcutting hatchet. I ran back upstairs, and looked at the headboard.

"Fool me twice, shame on me." I said to myself, as I began hacking at the headboard. After about 15 minutes of chopping, the headboard fell off of the top of the bed.

After picking up the headboard, I started downstairs, but stopped, and looked back at the bed.

"â€¦Great, now there's sawdust all over my bedâ€¦ That's going to be itchy tonight." I said as I rolled my eyes.

I sighed as I wondered downstairs again, and put the severed headboard onto a nearby table.

"Maybe if whoever crafted the bed frame used hinges, then this wouldn't have been so annoying to removeâ€¦ and there wouldn't be

sawdust in my bed" I mumbled.

I paused for a few seconds.

"I really need to stop talking to myself. It would be difficult to explain if someone happened to stop b-"

"Hiccup who are you talking to?" I heard Gobber's voice as he entered the house.

"Oh- uh hi Gobber I wasn't talking to anyone just, uh, fixing my bed." I said quickly as I spun around to meet his gaze.

He only raised an eyebrow. Great, now he thinks I'm insane.

"Well trainin's beginning shortly. You weren't at the arena yet, so I came to look fer yah."

"Oh yeah I forgot about that."

Because being pinned against a rock by a Night Fury tends to make one forgetful.

"Kind of a difficult subject to forget about. Have yah gotten bonked on the head recently?" He asked.

Oh you have no idea.

"Well you can blame this for that." I said as I held up the headboard.

"Ah, shoulda known the headboard was misshapen. Well c'mon now, we're burnin daylight."

I grabbed the axe my father gave me, and we walked out of the house, and started on the path towards the arena.

I can't get the Night Fury out of my head I know I should. It's not like I can tell anybody who would believe me. I have no proof, no injuries, besides a bruise on my head. I want to tell someone, I really do. The first one to see a Night Fury and yet no one will ever know.

Gee, now I know how the insane feel. I suppose a village like this can do that to you ever so slowly losing your sanity.

"What are ya thinkin about?" Gobber asked as we kept walking.

"What?"

"Hiccup, ya aren't hard to read."

Says the illiterate Viking.

"Err Just thinking about how I'm gonna be really good at training today." I said.

"Also you aren't a good liar."

I remained silent as we continued walking.

"I'm not askin ya to share yer thoughts all te time, but I recommend clearin them before trainin, looks like you're distracted." He said without looking at me.

"I'll do thatâ€¦ I guess."

"Not ya guess, ya know. Guessn' never kept a warrior alive for very long."

"What does that have to do with what I was thinking?"

"That's not the point."

"Then what is the point?"

Gobber let out an exasperated sigh.

"Do yeh have to question everything?" He asked.

"Well not everything but-"

"My point is; a good warrior doesn't thinkâ€¦ a good warrior knows." Gobber finished.

"Well that explains a lotâ€¦" I mumbled.

"Oi, I heard that." Gobber snapped.

We remained silent for the rest of the walk.

We approached the arena. We both started towards the entry gate, in which all of the other young bloods were already gathered. Astrid, Fish, Ruff, Tuff, Snout, they were all there.

Gobber opened the first gate, and closed it behind him as all of the young bloods entered.

"Welcome to dragon training." Gobber stated, as he pulled the secondary gate open.

Everyone walked into the arena, I, of course, being the last one in.

"No turning back." Astrid said.

"I hope I get some serious burns." Tuffnut said, clearly hyped to be in action for the first time.

"I'm hoping for some maulingâ€¦ like on my shoulder, lower back." Ruffnut said afterwards.

"Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it." Astrid agreed.

"Yeah, no kidding right? Painâ€¦love it." I said in my usual sarcastic tone.

"Oh great, who let him in?" Tuffnut asked, clearly annoyed.

"Oh don't get me wrong, I think burning agony and crippling injuries are great. Self preservation is for wimps, right?" I said, again sarcastically.

Snoutlout looked like he was about to say something, but Gobber cut in.

"Alright! Let's get started! The recruit who does best, will win the honor of killing his first dragon in front of the entire village!" Gobber announced.

"Hiccup already killed a Night Fury, so does that disqualify him or..?" Snoutlout mocked, earning laughs from the twins.

"Can I transfer to the class with the cool Vikings?" Tuffnut said.

Strange that he says that, there is only one classâ€¦ Oh, I get it. Very funnyâ€¦

The rest of the young bloods walked away. Gobber approached and put a hand on my shoulder.

"Don't worry, you're small n' you're weak! That'll make you less of a target! They'll see you as sick or insane, and go after the more Viking-like teens instead." He said, and giggled. Obviously payback for the 'explains a lot' comment I made earlierâ€¦ ouch.

He pushed me in line with the rest of the teens, and continued to speak.

"Behind these doors, are just a few of the many species you will learn to fight!" He announced.

"The Deadly Nadder!" He announced as he pointed at a door, with audible banging and roaring behind it.

"Speed eight, armor sixteen." Fishlegs added quietly.

"The Hideous Zippleback!" Gobber announced, pointing at the next door.

"Plus eleven stealth times two." Fishlegs added again.

"The Monstrous Nightmare!"

"Firepower fifteen."

"The Terrible Terror!"

"Attack eight, venom twelve."

"Can you stop that!" Gobber yelled, annoyed. He then moved towards the last door, and put his good hand on the release lever.

"â€¦And the Gronkle." He finished.

"Jaw strength eight." Fishlegs whispered.

"Whoa whoa whoa wait! Aren't you gonna teach us first!" Snoutlout asked nervously.

Gobber grinned.

"I believeâ€¦ in learning on the job!" He said, and with that, he pulled the lever.

The massive bar holding the door shut raised, and the Gronkle busted out. It instantly targeted the crowd, and we all scattered, some almost hit by the dragon's charge.

"Today is about survival." Gobber began.

The Gronkle's charge missed all of the teens, and he slammed into a wall.

"If you get blasted, you're dead!" Gobber continued.

The Gronkle got up quickly, and sighted a few nearby rocks. It quickly scooped them up into its mouth, and swallowed them.

"Quick! What's the first thing you'll need!" Gobber asked.

"A doctor!" I shouted.

"That's afterwards." Gobber said.

"Plus five speed!" Fishlegs shouted.

"That's on you!" Gobber responded.

"A shield!" Astrid shouted.

"Shields! Go!" Gobber shouted, pointing to the shields lined against the arena walls.

Everyone made a dash for the shield closest to them.

"Your most important piece of equipment is your shield!" Gobber continued.

I ran towards a red shield in the middle of the arena. I picked it up and was trying to figure out how to put it on.

Gobber walked towards me, picked the shield up, put my hand on the grip, positioned me to hold it correctly, and pushed me back into the fray, and continued talking.

"If you must make a choice between a sword, or a shield, take the shield!" He said.

Tuffnut ran to get a shield with flames and skulls on it, but Ruffnut grabbed it at the same time.

"Get your hands off my shield!" Tuffnut demanded.

"There are a million shields!" Ruffnut said, as she tugged on it.

"Take that one; it has a flower on it. Girls like flowers." Tuffnut said.

Ruffnut tugged the shield from her brother's grip, and smacked him on the head with it.

"Oops! Now this one has blood on it!" She said.

Tuffnut grabbed it again, and was struggling to grab it. They were so preoccupied; they did not notice the Gronkle targeting them. It shot a ball of flaming magma right towards them, but as Tuffnut pulled back, he moved just out of the way for the blast to hit the shield rather than his torso.

The blast staggered both of them, and they fell to the ground.

"Ruffnut, Tuffnut, you're out." Gobber stated.

"Those shields are good for another thing! Noise!" He said.

All of us took it as a queue to start basting our shields with our weapons. Most dragons have sensitive hearing, and to our knowledge, their sight depends on it. Noise distracts them, and makes it difficult for them to see.

"Make lots of it to throw off a dragon's aim!" Gobber finished.

As we were all bashing our shields, making a very loud and annoying noise. The Gronkle was clearly dazed. All of the younglings took this as a queue to start circling it, banging our shields.

"All dragons have a limited number of shots! How many shots does a Gronkle have?" Gobber asked.

"Five?" Snoutlout said.

"No, six!" Fishlegs corrected.

"Correct! Six! That's one for each of you!" Gobber announced.

Fishlegs stopped banging his shield, to answer, and the Gronkle saw him as the clearest target. However, all of the noise was still throwing off its aim, and it aimed slightly high. It shot a magma ball, but rather than hitting Fishleg's head, it hit just above his hand, and knocked the shield from him.

Some of the magma fell onto his hand, and he quickly yelped from the pain. He rubbed the hot substance onto his vest quickly, only for his vest to catch fire. He quickly discarded his vest, and ran to the corner to tend to his burnt hand.

"Fishlegs, out." Gobber said in a bored tone.

I was busy trying to make myself a small target, so I hid behind a small wooden panel near a wall. Gobber seemed to notice this.

"Hiccup! Get in there!" He shouted.

I began to walk out, but the Gronkle saw me, and shot a magma ball, barely missing me and hitting the wall behind me. I yelped and quickly retreated behind cover.

The Gronkle seemed uninterested in my, and turned it's gaze towards Snoutlout and Astrid.

"So anyway, I'm moving into my parent's basementâ€¦ You should come by some time and work out. You look like you work out." Snoutlout said to Astrid, clearly distracted from the dragon rushing towards them. Astrid saw this, and rolled out of the way, but Snoutlout didn't take the hint.

The Gronkle fired another shot, and thanks to the shield's position, hit dead on the shield. It didn't fly from his hand, and all impact was forced into his torso, and he was knocked all the way back to the wall.

"Snoutlout, you're done!" Gobber shouted.

I was back in the fray, standing dumbly in the middle of the arena, as Astrid ran towards me. She looked back at the dragon, getting closer and closer.

"So it's just you and me, huh?" I asked, trying to act calm and casual.

"Nope, just you." Astrid said, before rolling out of the way.

The Gronkle fired at me, and it was heading right for my torso. I yelped and blocked it with my shield just in time. The blast spun me around, flinging my shield away. I quickly began to chase it as it rolled away, unaware that the Gronkle was closing in on me.

"One shot left!" Gobber yelled, but then he noticed the Gronkle heading for me, without a shield.

"Hiccup!" He shouted.

I turned around, and tripped, skidding against the arena wall. The dragon was on me in a second, opening its maw, ready to fire.

Talk about dÃ©jà vuâ€¦

Just before the magma fired, Gobber grabbed it's mouth with his claw hand, and dragged it away.

"And that's six." Gobber finished, easily pulling the dragon away.

The Gronkle would have easily overpowered Gobber, if it were not for the way he had grabbed it. A claw just behind a tooth is quite painful, and that restrains the Gronkle from pulling any harder from his grip.

"Go back to bed you overgrown sausage." Gobber said, as he swung the Gronkle into its cage, and closed it with the lever.

"You'll get another chance, don't you worry." He said to the Gronkle,

before turning to the teens.

"Remember; a dragon will alwaysâ€¦" He kneeled down to me.

"Alwaysâ€¦Go for the killâ€¦" He said, and hoisted me onto my feet.

I looked at the massive scorch in the wall, still hot.

Once again, I had just found myself in a near death situationâ€¦ and that was just training for the many near death situations to come. Joy, I love it here.

"Gee Hiccup, you never cease to disappoint." Snoutlout said, with a smug grin.

"I can only disappoint if you have high expectation to begin withâ€¦" I said, as I walked past him, and towards the gate.

"You were out before he was, moron." Ruffnut stated, as she walked past him as well.

"Yeah, but I didn't cower like a little kid. The only reason he lasted so long is because he was hiding." Snoutlout defended.

"Well observed, eagle eye." I said in my usual sarcastic tone.

Snoutlout was about to retort, but Gobber cut in.

"That was only the first taste of a long and hard training season to come." Gobber said.

"I bet you love to taste long and hard things." Tuffnut snickered at Ruffnut. Then he got elbowed in the gut by her.

"I suggest you all go home and rest, because this is only going to get harder." Gobber continued.

Tuffnut snickered again.

"Will you shut up back there!" Gobber shouted.

And with that, both exit gates opened.

The teens went off to do whatever it is they do regularly. Astrid went home to train, work out, or whatever she does. Fishlegs to his home, most likely to study upcoming dragon tests. Snoutlout followed Astrid, and will most likely be seen by the healer soon. The twins ran to the mess hall, because they've skipped breakfast or something.

I walked to the smithy in hopes of remaking my bola launcher, preferably with less premature launches. Besides that, the first model may have been my first working invention, if it was not crushed by the foot of a Monstrous Nightmare. After all, it worked well enough to take down a Night Furyâ€¦ not that anyone else knows that, but it counts for something.

As I approached the smithy, I had just noticed Gobber wasn't following, or headed in this direction. Then I noticed; all of the big warriors are on the boat to Helheim's gate, no need for weapon repairs or anything of that matter. Gobber doesn't have any personal projects like I do, so I suppose he went off to do whatever he does when he isn't training recruits or at the smithy. He probably went to get a stiff drink. With a class like ours, alcohol is probably a nice stress reliever.

I personally never liked the stuff. The taste is terrible, but it's not about the taste, it's about the effect. I also hate the effect. It makes me act like more of an idiot than I already am, as well as give me a massive headache the very next morning. No matter how stressful I am, alcohol won't fix much for me.

The English traders had great stress relievers. They had a plant, in which you throw into a camp fire. After you burn the plant, the smoke has a very interesting effect of everyone who inhales it for an extended amount of time. They stopped caring about things and got really really hungry. The English traders said they got it from a place called 'Kazakhstan,' some tropical place somewhere in Asia.

With plants and stories like these from the English traders, I can't help but wonder if we're a little too isolated from the rest of the world. I can't help but think, maybe I'm missing out on a lot of things. Life isn't all about battle, killing, and farming.

Maybe, if I live long enough, I can sail away from this place I call home. Maybe see what has been a mystery to the people of this little island. Of course I do not mean the English Kingdoms, though. I would rather be eaten alive by a Night Fury than live among a ton of snobby accented 'gentlemen' with their theaters and their rubbish poetry. All of Europe can kiss my grits. If I were to escape this place, I would go to this 'Asia' place I've been hearing about. It seems to have plenty of interesting things. There is this massive culture I hear, almost as big as the English, which celebrate with dragons, although they've never even seen one! I hear they make replica dragons that reach for miles!

A few English travelers, the most interesting kind of Englishman, tell the village of a place far north. They say it makes Berk feel like Fiji (Whatever that is). They say, after travelling in the cold for two days, they saw green lights shining in the night sky. They said it looked like the twinkle in god's eyes. I found it strange that they didn't specify exactly which god's eyes, but perhaps the god didn't tell them its name.

I approached the smithy, and I walked upstairs to the little room Gobber had given me to work on my personal projects, it's where I keep all of my designs. When I got upstairs, and looked at the bola launcher designs on the desk, I quickly remembered that it has to be loaded while I construct it, or I might get the launch trajectory off. I looked around for a bola, but quickly noticed they were all taken for the nest hunt, and Gobber wasn't making more. I need to find the cause and stabilize it.

I sighed. Well I can spend the afternoon smelting a new pair of bolas, or I can reuse the one that shot down the Night Fury. The rope may be cut, but that is a far quicker fix than smelting a new

pair.

I walked out of the smithy, and towards Raven Point.

I thought about how I wanted to leave this place and see the rest of the world. It wasn't that I wanted to leave, I supposeâ€¦ Maybe I'm just so curious about the rest of the world. All things left unknown for that matter. It's justâ€¦ my nature.

All human beings seem to know so much, yet so little. I don't know how grass grows, why the sky is blue, where rain comes from, what the moon is, and what the stars are. All of it seems to be behind the excuse 'Because Odin willed it' and while all of the other Vikings seem satisfied by this answer, something tells me there is more to the world and our existence than just because Odin willed it. Odin may have willed rain, but there must be a reason behind it, why the rain falls, how it falls. Odin may have willed it, but the world is far more complex than that.

We humans are here because Odin willed it, but we have functions. We have hearts, brains, livers, muscles, bones, organs, things that keep us running. Human beings are more complex than just being a bunch of moving blood bags. If there is more to humans than 'Odin willed it' then there must be more to everything else. Odin willed us with complexity. Gave us a reason to study, because there was something more than 'just because' behind us.

Just because it is not living means it has to have any fewer complexities.

Of course, the only reason the Viking answer to everything is 'because Odin willed it' is because it all comes down to the same general question. 'If it won't kill our enemies, and won't feed our offspring, what is the point of knowing it?'

My thoughts were silenced as I came across a familiar broken tree. I followed the indent on the ground towards a large blood-stained crater.

As soon as I came back to the spot, something flashed back in my mind. How the dragon had me at its mercy, similar to how I had it at my mercy, yet it let me go.

My memory flashed back to Gobber.

'_Remember; a dragon will alwaysâ€¦ alwaysâ€¦ go for the kill.'_

I sighed as I knelt down and picked up one of the weighted iron bolas.

"So why didn't you?" I asked quietly, looking at the bola, and the cut rope.

I noticed the scales all around the bloodstains, some tinted red, some untouched.

I left the bola where it is, and leapt over a log towards a small rock formation that seemed to overlap on itself, creating a tunnel-like shape. I crawled through, ducking under some overgrowth.

The mini-tunnel led to a large cove of some sort. Birds tweeted as they flew by.

There was a beautiful cove, with a large lake, a few trees and overgrowth all over the walls.

Besides the cove being quite a sight to behold, I realized I became easily distracted from what I was doing by a strange rock formation.

"This was stupidâ€|" I verbally commented.

Just as I turned to grab the bola and leave, I noticed something out of place.

I saw black scales left on the edge of the cove.

The dragon shouldn't have gotten this farâ€| It flew over this formation, and I saw how big it wasâ€| it cannot fit through the tunnel like I can.

I knelt down and picked one of the scales up and examined it.

Like the others, it was small, round, black, and surprisingly durable. However, unlike the others that were at the crash site, this one and the ones around it are not blood stained. The only way the scales could have gotten this far is if the dragon somehow tried to climb up the-

A black blur suddenly flew by the small tunnel entrance, causing me to yelp in surprise, and jump back.

I noticed what had just happened and got back on my feet. I peered around the tunnel entrance, to see the Night Fury I had shot down yesterday frantically clawing its way up the side of the cove. It seemed to have been making progress, until I saw it become physically fatigued. It fell a bit, clawing at a lower ledge before dismounting the wall altogether, and gliding to the other side of the cove.

I gazed with wonder, stunned by the creature somehow. I suddenly remembered where I was, and I climbed down a bit to get a better view.

I quickly noticed the gashes on its body when I had last seen it were gone, and no traces of blood all over the creature. The paw that had seemed to be disfigured was fixed as well. I quickly deduced that either I am crazier than I think I am, or Night Furies are incredibly fast healers.

The creature leapt off of a nearby log, took flight, but quickly began to fall. When it fell, it leapt again, trying to fly straight up, only to hover for a few seconds before falling again. While it was distracted, I pulled my journal from my vest, as well as a pencil.

Small head, short neck, medium-sized body, extremely large wings. Two sets of tailfins, one at the base, and one at the tip. It has ears or antenna of some sort on its head. It had a ridged spine, and four small legs, all of the described is jet black in color.

I looked at my drawing, and back at the struggling dragon. One question crossed my mindâ€|

"Why don't you just fly away?" I asked quietly.

It stood still, and seemed to shoot a small blast of fire is frustration. I jumped slightly, but as it stood still, I noticed something.

It doesn't have four tailfins; it has three. The left tail-tip fin is missing.

That is when I noticed the full extent of the damage I had caused.

I didn't just shoot it out of the sky, break some of its bones, disfigure one of its claws, and bleed it out of at least a liter of blood, all of the following it seemed to recover from rather quickly.

I had crippled it. It is trapped here.

I looked back at my drawing, and rubbed away the left tailfin.

After I did this, it leapt, and attempted to fly again, only to glide ungracefully to the other side of the cove, landing just onto the shore of the lake.

I felt a tinge of guilt come over me when I saw the creature give a sigh ofâ€| defeat.

Familiar words began to echo in my head.

I did this.

It's disturbing for me to think about the creature. Had I not decided to 'become a legend' that day, it would still be flying, perfectly healthy, and positive. Yet, it would have been attacking the village still.

It's just disturbing to me that I alone caused this course of action. In the past, I have had such a loose grip on what happens in the world around me. I alone brought this legendary creature down, and I am still unsure if I should be happy or sad about it. I may not have killed it, but it isn't going to terrorize the village anymore, that's a plus. And yet, even though it is my enemy, a dragon, an unthinking unfeeling killing machineâ€| It just seems to be suffering. It seems to have given up, and I feel guilty for it, like I would for making a human being suffer.

The dragon seemed to have spotted a fish in the lake, and it quickly dived its head into the water. I saw that it didn't catch anything, and sighed. If it didn't catch anything, it would probably starve to death. A terrible fate.

As I lowered my left hand, I clumsily lost my grip of the pencil. I rushed to grab it before it made a noise on the rock I was perched on, but I only pushed it away from me, and it fell all the way down the cove.

My eyes widened and I froze in fear when I saw the dragon see the pencilâ€| and look straight at me.

Our eyes met in reunion as they locked in gazes. They call all dragons unfeeling, yet those eyes seem to tell so much. First it was fear, then it was anger, and nowâ€| wellâ€| it was hard to read.

First I figured it was hostility, but no, I didn't see it. Its stance was wary, and its eyes slightly dilated, but I saw something more behind the eyesâ€| the unmistakable gaze of curiosity.

It cocked its head to the side, eyes that seemed to be questioning me, asking me why I was here.

As it looked at me, I started to wonder what exactly it was thinking about.

I got the urge to leave, as the tingling thought in the back of my mind said that if I outstay my welcome, it could very easily blast me to small pieces.

Its eyes never left me as I put my journal back into my vest, and ungracefully tried to creep out the way I came. I tripped once or twice, and it dawned on me what the dragon was most likely thinking about.

It was thinking, 'That fishbone is a clumsy fool.'

I walked back to the initial crash site, picked up one bola in each hand, and pocketed a single scale, as a souvenir. With that, I turned back towards the village. The sun was going down; I had been out here longer than I thought.

* * *

><p>I arrived at the outskirts of the village. It was already nightfall, so there was no time to work on the bola launcher. I suppose it was later in the day than I thought when I leftâ€|<p>

My first stop was the smithy. I didn't walk into the door, but I just put each of the bolas I had been carrying on the window to be picked up later. After this, I rushed towards mess hall, maybe there was some left over for dinner.

When I arrived, to my surprise, there were others inside of it; all of the young bloods as well as some other random Vikings scattered throughout, still eating or just drinking.

"-istimed my somersault dive. It was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble." said Astrid's voice from across the hall.

"Yeah, we noticed." Ruffnut said, in a 'duh' mocking voice. The jealousy is painfully obviousâ€|

"No, no. You were great, that was soâ€| 'Astrid'" Snoutlout cut in for yet another attempt to flatter Astrid.

"She's right; you have to be tough on yourselves. Where did Hiccup go wrong?" Gobber said over the voices.

I sighed as I picked up a remaining plate with a single drum ofâ€| some animal. I lose track of which is which.

"Uh, he showed up." Ruffnut answered.

"He didn't get eaten." Tuffnut answered.

"He's never where he should be." Astrid answered.

"Thanks you, Astrid." Gobber said, pleased with the answer, earning a 'WHAT?' from Ruffnut. I took the plate, and sat at the table next to the one everyone else was sitting.

"You need to live and breathe this stuff; the dragon manual." Gobber said, before displaying a book to the teens.

He then pushed some plates and food off of the table, in order to make room for the manual.

"Everything we know about every dragon we know of." Gobber continued. After this, the sound of thunder cracked outside.

Gobber knew what this meant; we know dragons have a hard time flying in storms, especially in long distances. Since we deduce it takes about four hours for a dragon raid to arrive to the village, they cannot make it in this weather.

"No attacks tonight. Study up." Gobber said plainly.

"Waitâ€| You mean read?" Asked Tuffnut.

"While we're still alive?" Ruffnut added.

"Why read words when you can just kill the stuff the words tell you stuff about?" Snoutlout said, while banging the table.

"Oh, I've read it like, seven times. There's this water dragon that sprays boiling water at your face! And-and there's this other one that buries itself for like a week-"Fishlegs breathlessly spoke until Tuffnut cut him off.

Fishlegs is always so quiet until you ask him about dragons.

"Yeah, that sounds great. There was a chance I was going to read itâ€|" Tuffnut said.

"But nowâ€|" Ruffnut said for him.

"You guys read. I'll go kill stuff." Snoutlout said, before jumping from his seat and walking away, with Fishlegs and the twins to join him.

Astrid was the only one left at the table, with the book in front of her.

"So I guess we'll share?" I asked.

"Read it." Astrid said quickly, before she pushed the book to me and walked to join the others.

"All mine then? Wow, so, okay, I'll see you uh?" Before I could finish, they had already slammed the exit door.

"tomorrow." I finished. I sighed as I sat down to finish my meal.

* * *

><p>It had been about thirty minutes, and all of the remaining stragglers in the mess hall had left, and the guards took the torches with them.<p>

I had finished my meal, and decided to look up Night Fury in the dragon manual. What do we know about Night Furies besides that they like the night, and you don't want to be the subject of their fury?

I grabbed a candle left on a nearby table, and took it to where the dragon manual was left.

I opened the cover, and read the first words.

"Dragon classifications." I read to myself.

"Strike class, Fear class, Mystery class?" I turned the page.

I saw an illustration of a drum shaped creature, with a massive serrated tail. Its head was its mouth, and just seemed to be a massive barrel with a tail and wings.

"Thunderdrum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools. When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range?" I read, as I saw an image of a Thunderdrum quite literally screaming a Viking's head off.

"Extremely dangerous; kill on sight." said the words underneath another image, showing a Viking stabbing a Thunderdrum in its stomach.

I flipped past a few pages, and stopped at the image of a massive-winged creature, with a long serrated neck and tail.

"Timberjack. This gigantic creature has razor-sharp wings that can slice through full-grown trees." I read, and saw an image of a Timberjack cutting its way through a forest.

"Extremely dangerous; kill on sight." I read yet again on the lower right corner of the page.

I turned the page again, and saw an image of a more fish-like Thunderdrum.

"Scauldron. Sprays scalding water at its victim." I read as I recalled what Fishlegs was talking about earlier.

Unsurprisingly, I read the lower right corner.

"Extremely dangerous-"I was silenced by a sudden thundering sound of-wellâ€¦ thunder.

I turned the page, and saw an image of a creature that was looked Monstrous Nightmare-ish, only with its forelegs detached from its wings, and with two dorsal fins on either side of its face.

"Changwing. Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight." I read, before turning the page.

"Gronkleâ€¦ Zipplebackâ€¦" I read as I flipped through familiar pages.

I stopped for a brief second to see a bat-like dragon, with holes in its wings and a serrated tail.

"The Skrill." I read. From the lack of text, I noticed I was now in the 'Mystery' section, a section filled with legendary, mysterious, and unproven dragon species.

Out of curiosity, I continued reading.

"First sighted on a raiding boat headed home to Berk after a successful raid of the rival clan, the Snalrag clan. Half of the crew was intoxicated from celebration when they had seen a shadow of a massive bat-like creature. The creature destroyed the boat in minutes, with only two survivors to swim home and tell the tale. Extremely dangerous; kill on sight." I read before turning the page, and seeing a skeleton of a dragon.

"Bone Knapper. Only two recorded sightings of an extremely large dragon that was said to either be a skeleton or covered in stolen bones. Extremely dangerous; kill on sight." I read, before flipping past another few pages.

"Whispering Deathâ€¦" I read as I saw a massive dragon, with serrated teeth all around the inside of its mouth.

"Seen only once; by a lone Viking explorer who had discovered a cave. He said that he had heard whispering as if someone was directly speaking into his ear, but in another language. When he had ventured into the blackness, and lit up the area with a torch, all he had seen was skeletons of many men and women, and a massive creature. The whispering never stopped after he ran from the cave, and the man died immediately after telling his tale to the elders. Extremely dangerous; kill on sight." After reading the text, I swore the image looked like it was coming out of the page. I quickly turned the page, and continued skimming through the manual.

"Burns its victimsâ€¦ Buries its victimsâ€¦ Chokes its victimsâ€¦ Turns its victims inside-outâ€¦" I continued to read as I skimmed through the pagesâ€¦

One thing was in common with all of the pages.

"Extremely dangerous, extremely dangerousâ€¦ Kill on sight, kill on sight, kill on sightâ€¦" I continued to read the lower right corner of the pages, when one page stopped me.

There was no image, and almost no writing.

I looked towards the top of the page, and read the titleâ€|

"Night Furyâ€|" I said to myself.

I turned my gaze to the stats at the bottom of the page.

"Speed: unknownâ€| Size: unknownâ€| The unholy offspring of lighting and death itselfâ€|" I read, and I turned my gaze to the lower right corner of the pages.

"Do not engage this dragon. Your only chance: hide and pray it does not find you." I was surprised by this entryâ€| No Viking hides, or runs from battleâ€| (Excluding me, of course).

The way the entire page was empty seemed to put a piece in for meâ€| The reason we fear this dragon most, is because we know the least about it. While the other legends had a vague idea of what they looked like, how big they were, and where to stab them, but for all we know, a Night Fury could be the size of a bloody mountainâ€|

Or rather, for all ****they**** knowâ€| I pulled my journal out, and opened it to the sketch I made of the Night Furyâ€| I placed the journal down where the Night Fury illustration should be.

I then picked up my journal, blew out the candle, and walked out of mess hallâ€| I need sleep; after all, training is tomorrowâ€| as it will be the next dayâ€| and the next dayâ€|

It's going to be a long seasonâ€|

After I had entered my house, walked up to my room, lied in bed, and closed my eyes, something bugged me.

I felt a lot of saw dust rubbing against my back.

â€|Damn headboard. It's going to be a long night as well.

* * *

><p>First thought when I snapped my eyes awake; get out of bedâ€| it's itchy.<p>

All night I had been contemplating sleeping on the floor, or perhaps outside. Though I may not exactly be the best Viking, a Viking's stubbornness is passed on no matter the size or personality, and now it has become self preservation cancelling just like everyone else. In hindsight, the floor did sound quite more comfortable.

I sat up, and brushed sawdust off of my back, and shook my shirt to flush out any remaining sawdust.

Second thought; I have not changed my clothes for a few days nowâ€| Not that I have a very diverse wardrobeâ€| More green tunics, brown variations of vests, and more pants. I only have one pair of boots.

The choice is incredible! Should I wear a green shirt, a slightly brighter green shirt, or a green shirt with a massive tear and

bloodstain on its abdomen?

â€|Why did I keep that shirt? That was a deep cut, and I learned that my 'blade launcher' likes to backfire. I probably would've been able to fix that if my dad hadn't promptly smashed it with a hammer. I worked on that thing for months.

Something tells me that if I don't fix my bola launcher designâ€| the new one will meet a similar fate.

I just noticed how many launchers I've made. The blade launcher, the arrow launcher (Which I thought was good until the English traders introduced something called a 'crossbow' which made it completely obsoleteâ€|) stone launcher (Somewhat like a mini-catapult, only more broken.) and the bola launcherâ€| the first launcher not to completely fail on me.

Then there were the other contraptionsâ€| like the automatic sword swinger, which damn near took my head off, the dagger flinger, which resulted in the scar on the upper right part of my foreheadâ€|that hurt, and several other failures.

Well at least they keep my days busy. I feel like without the contraptions I constantly build, I would be just sitting around all day.

Then I noticed that I had been sitting here for a good minute or so lost in thought. I hate it when I do thatâ€|

I changed my clothes, and ran towards the arena.

I approached the entrance gate, in which the other young bloods were waiting. There were noises come from inside of the arena, most sounded of wood.

The other teens were mingling among each other, most didn't seem to notice me, or didn't bother to look in my direction.

Snoutlout was talking to Astrid about how she was awesome or something, and she, as usual, was ignoring him. Ruff and Tuff were fighting over something, though I really couldn't tell what. It was probably something about Tuffnut calling Ruffnut feminineâ€| which was a big insult to a Viking woman, fabled as the toughest warrior women across the seas. Fishlegs wasn't really talking to anyone, he was sitting in the crowd acting like he was doing something.

Fishlegs always perplexed meâ€| He never really seemed to converse with the other Vikings, and he never directly insulted my like the others, he always just seemed to follow them around, making mocking grins whenever I was the subject of ridicule. He just seems to be fitting inâ€| perhaps if it weren't for his bulky structure; maybe he would be just as much of an outcast as I am.

My thoughts were silenced as the gates opened, and three bulky men walked out.

"Thank ya for te help boys!" Gobber called from the upper spectator area of the arena.

The Viking teens and I entered, and we saw that the arena had walls placed inside of it, to set it up like that of a maze. There were shields and weapons lined up against the wall.

The twins quickly rushed for the same shield, and were fighting over the same shield again.

It took quite a bit of willpower not to call the two morons.

"Will one of you morons just pick another shield?" Astrid said, as she picked up a shield of her own.

"Yeah, moron, pick another shield." Ruffnut said to Tuffnut.

"I had this one first!"

"Will you two stop!" Gobber called from above.

Tuffnut begrudgingly let go and picked up another shield of similar color.

I picked up the red and white one I had last time, and an axe.

All of the trainees split up into the maze, moving slowly. The sound of a gate opening could be heard; however, no footsteps or sounds were heard. The dragon was in the arena, and it wanted to surprise us.

Although I should be focusing on what is around me, trying to avoid a dragon, but questions kept buzzing about in my head. Not questions about the lesson, of course, but the manual. I refused to believe that we know absolutely NOTHING about them, besides the assumption that it was birthed from lightning and death, etcetera.

As I continued to wonder around the maze, I saw Gobber above me and stopped. I figured if I am to ask anyone about this, it may as well be the person who had co-written the manual. Gobber can't write- he just told someone who could write what to write and how to write it. Does that count as co-writing? It's hard to know the technicalities of writing inside of a village that is pretty much devoid of it. The elders teach the children how to read and write, however because of how underused the art is, it is usually forgotten when the young bloods get older. Their counter argument for the whole thing is; why write when you can speak?

I shook my head to clear my thoughts, and turned to Gobber.

"Hey, you know, I happened to notice the book had nothing on Night Furies." I said to him, and Gobber looked towards me with a bored expression.

"Is there another book, a sequel, maybe a Night Fury pamphlet?" I continued.

Gobber seemed to have no interest in what I was saying, but as I spoke, his gaze turned slightly upwards as if he was looking at something behind me.

I turned around to see what he was staring at, and saw a Nadder perched on top of one of the maze walls.

I reacted just in time, moving slightly to my left before a fire blast missed my upper torso, and hit my axe instead. The blast obliterated the upper half of my axe.

"Focus Hiccup! You're not even trying!" Gobber shouted.

The Nadder jumped down from the wall it was perched on, and started charging at me.

In a panic, I ran to my right, still carrying the remains of my axe with me.

"Today is all about attack!" Gobber announced.

Rather than going through the maze like I was, the Nadder jumped on top of the walls, and hopped above me.

"Nadders are quick and light on their feet. Your job is to be quicker, and lighter!" Gobber said, as I turned the corner. The Nadder seemed to have found another trainee, and went after them instead. I noticed I was still carrying the handle of the broken axe, and I dropped it.

I saw over the walls as its tail raised, and shot quills at its target.

I heard Fishlegs scream immediately afterwards.

"I'm really beginning to question your teaching methods!" He said, running somewhere in the maze.

"Look for its blind spot. Every dragon has one." Gobber said in a bored tone.

I saw the Nadder was after me again. I ran and turned a few times in the maze, hopefully losing it.

"Find it, hide in it, and strike!" Gobber continued.

As I turned the corner, I realized the Nadder had suddenly stopped. Then I heard Ruffnut and Tuffnut talking to each other in a hushed, yet still loud tone.

Soon after, I heard a small roar, and the sound of a fire blast.

"Blind spot, yes. Deaf spot, not so much." Gobber said, giggling at the twin's idiocy.

As I ran down another corridor, Snoutlout and Astrid joined me. We crossed Gobber again, and I stopped. I still need to ask him about Night Furies, granted, it's not the best time, but where else will I ask him? He's not at the forge while the nest hunt goes onâ€|

"Hey, uh, how would one sneak up on a Night Fury?" I asked quickly.

"No one's ever met one n' lived to tell the tale. Now get in there!" He shouted.

"I know, I know, but hypothetically-"My words were cut off by Astrid whispering my name.

I turned around, to see Astrid and Snoutlout crouched by a corner.

"Get down." Astrid whispered.

She looked around the corner, and then quickly recoiled to the wall.

She peaked around the corner again, and then quickly rolled across the turn to the next corridor, and Snoutlout followed soon after.

I ran to follow, and rolled across the turn, only to be weighed down by my shield mid roll, stopping me instantly.

I saw the Nadder had seen me, and was charging. I scrambled to my feet, and kept running.

The Nadder seemed to lose interest in me after I barely escaped its jaws. It moved on to what I assume was Astrid and Snoutlout. It jumped over the maze walls again, and jumped back down into the maze. I heard Snoutlout complain about the sun being in his eyes or something, I ignored it, and found Gobber again.

"So, maybe I could sneak up on one if it was sleeping. Maybe, they take the daytime off, right? Like a cat. Has anyone ever seen one napping?" I asked Gobber, as three other trainees pushed passed me.

"Hiccup!" Gobber shouted, annoyed.

I turned around, to see Astrid on top of one of the maze walls, which was falling right towards meâ€|

How did she get up there?

"HICUUUUUP!" She shouted as she fell right on top of me, knocking the wind out of me.

Astrid was on top of me, and clearly annoyed. She kept trying to pry herself off of me, but something had her stuck for some reason.

"Oooh, love on the battlefield." Tuffnut mocked.

"She could do betterâ€|" Ruffnut said.

She continued to tug at my arm for some reason.

"L-Let me- why don't you- OW!" I stammered, as she stepped onto my chest, and looked ahead.

When she looked ahead of her, her eyes quickly widened with panic, and she grabbed her axe- which was stuck in my shield.

Ohâ€| now I understand.

She then put a foot on my shield, and tried yanking the axe out of it, which only served to painfully yank my arm.

When that failed, she stomped onto my face. I really couldn't see much with a boot on my face, -ouch- but she yanked the shield from my arm â€"ouch- and ran ahead of me slightly.

I heard the dragon footsteps rapidly approaching, and I quickly shielded my head.

I heard the loud sound of wood shattering, and the whine of a Nadder soon after.

"Well done Astrid." Gobber commented.

Astrid then turned around, and looked at me.

"Is this some kind of a joke to you?" She asked.

Oh, and she broke my shield on the head of the Nadder. Great. Both of my equipment was broken today.

"Our parent's war is about to become ours. Figure out which side you're on." She said angrily, and stormed off.

She's angry at me? She's the one who stomped on my face, and damn near dislocated my arm!

I shook my head to clear my stress. Getting angry won't help. In fact, getting angry would only serve to injure meâ€¦

Speaking of injuries, I saw Fishlegs was holding his left arm, which was red and swollen.

I was about to question him, when I saw his shield that he dropped- it had several quills in it. That is why you want to dive out of the way of the quills, not block it. It probably broke Fishlegs' arm, dislocated at the least.

"That's all for te day." Gobber announced. Before I could ask him any more questions, he left through the spectators exit.

â€¦These training lesions are incredibly brief. I mean, at least give us warm up exercises or something.

A dragon expert Gobber might be, but he obviously isn't much in the art of teaching.

The strange thing is, the Nadder seemed to go back to its pen on its own. I'm sure a Nadder could take much more punishment than a shield to the head, but it seems this one doesn't even want to bother.

Perhaps a few years of captivity has done something to its outlook on life. It seems to have stopped caring.

â€¦Depressing when you think about it. It may be a beast, but put a human in its position, said human would probably be acting the same way after being captured for all this time, and used as a tool for training.

The exit gates opened, and the trainees rushed out, doing their own thing. That was what, a fifteen minute session, and we're done for the day? Not that I'm complaining, but it seems a little too brief when training for a lifestyle.

I saw Fishlegs go in the direction of the healer. It's probably only dislocated considering how bulky his arms are, plus his shield only had a few quills in it. If all of the quills had hit him, it might have shattered every bone in his arm.

I picked myself up from the ground, and walked out of the exit gate.

While I was going back to Gobber's workshop to start on the bola launcher, the Night Fury came back to my mind. I remember seeing it try to catch a fish, but fail.

It's been about three days since it crashed, and as far as I know, since it's eaten. I can't spare its life just to condemn it to starve to death, trapped inside of a cove.

â€|I don't know why I keep reasoning to go back to the cove. Usually one would want to avoid something that can kill them with the flex of a single muscle.

Yet, somehow, I feel like I can't just let it suffer, even if indirectly. I brought it out of the sky, so everything that happens to it from then on is my faultâ€|

Yet another feature of mine that makes me non-Viking like; feeling guilty for crippling a sworn enemyâ€|

Well, here I go again, doing something stupid and crazy; trying to feed a dragon, but not just any dragon, noooo. It has to be a friggen NIGHT FURY!

I walked to the docks, no one seemed to be particularly interested in what I was doing hereâ€| Wellâ€| not particularly interested in me in general, but none the less.

I saw that the fishing boats were back, and had a large net of fresh cod.

I walked past the fishermen and grabbed a single cod. I nonchalantly walked away from the docks and started towards Raven point.

I suddenly stopped, however. The dragon may have been docile when I was above it, and far away, but what if they changes when I get close? Then I'm probably going to dieâ€| but may as well pick up some precautionary measures to increase my survival chances by a few notches.

I first walked to the arena, and back into the training area to pick up a spare shield. Afterwards, I went back to my house, and grabbed my lucky knife.

I don't plan on killing itâ€| actually far from that. I just need the knife in case it attacks, so I can wound it and get away before it wounds meâ€| to death.

I don't know why I'm doing this anymoreâ€¦ I clearly have lost all survival instinct. What I get for being raised by Vikings.

With the shield in hand, the fish slung over my shoulder, and my knife holstered in my belt, I started towards Raven point.

â€¦and I sincerely hope the dragon doesn't think I'm part of the meal.

* * *

><p>As I approached the crash site, I noted it's probably best not to drop down from the crevasse I had found earlier. I might startle the dragon while breaking my legs.<p>

I wondered around the massive cove for a while, until I found a slope downward. The path was jagged, giving plenty of things to step onto, much like a natural staircase.

After I had descended, I saw an opening into the cove- a crack between two massive boulders.

Just as I was about to question why the dragon hadn't escaped through this, I noticed how small it was. I am barely small enough to fit through.

I put my shield up, and carefully approached the crack. After I was at the end of the crack, and the cove just beyond me, I took the fish, and threw it out into the open.

After I waited for a brief second, I peeked out from the opening to see nothing was coming.

I attempted to move forward, only for my shield to suddenly stop. I jerked at it, and noticed it was caught between the two massive boulders. I sighed as I tried to pull it out, but just let it be, and crouched underneath it.

I walked slowly out into the open, and I retrieved the fish. I looked around the cove, and saw nothing.

I continued to tread lightly, looking in all directions, thinking that maybe it had escaped somehow.

My thoughts were quickly silenced as I heard a light growling noise behind me. I jerked my head to the source, and jumped in surprise to find that the dragon had been hiding behind a massive rock.

It jumped from the rock, and walked to a more open area, and positioned itself into what I assumed was a combat stance.

It took me a moment to notice that I was frozen in fear, and I snapped out of it. I held the fish by its gills, and held my hand out, silently praying that the dragon wouldn't bite my hand off along with the fish.

Its eyes narrowed dangerously, but once again had shown deeper meaning behind them. I saw curiosity, and paranoia.

It approached slowly, its eyes seeming to dilate as it did so. I fought the urge to run away as fast as I could, knowing that would probably only make it angry.

I leaned forward, hoping it would take the fish and be done with it, so I could go home and contemplate how stupid I was to come here.

When it was about a foot away from the fish, its gaze lowered quickly, and jumped back, growling more intensely than before.

I noticed what it was growling at; my knife. I pulled back my vest to reveal the knife, wondering how it noticed it when it was hidden. When I did this, the dragon took another precautionary step back.

I slowly reached for it with my other hand, as soon as I touched it, the dragon growled very loudly. I jumped at the sound, but an idea came to me. What if I dropped the knife? I might be defenseless, but as if a knife would help me against a Night Fury, of all dragons.

I picked the knife out of my holster, and raised it to my side, before dropping to the ground.

The dragon grunted, seemingly unconvinced by my efforts, and did what I assumed was a gesture to the lake. Was it asking me to throw it in the lake? A dragon is asking me to do something?

I shook off those thoughts, and picked the knife up, and tossed it in the lake with my foot.

â€|So much for my knife being lucky, as it slowly sinks into a river.

The dragon watched the knife, turned to me, and seemed to relax. Its eyes were no longer narrow, and the pupils are notâ€| wellâ€| slits. I saw what I assumed was its ear twitch.

Itâ€| looks like a cat; a giant scaly winged fire-breathing cat that can kill me with the flick of its, erm, paw. Not very comforting that my only defenses was a shield â€"which is currently stuck between two boulders half way across the canyon- and a knife â€"which is currently at the bottom of a lake.-

Well, I've come this far.

I offered the fish yet again, and the dragon stalked over to me. It came close to the fish, and opened its maw. What I saw wasâ€| unexpected. It had no teeth. It was just gums.

"Huhâ€| Toothlessâ€|" I noted out loud.

I recall the day I had freed it, and as it roared at me, it looked like it had teeth. Of course, after it roared I'm fairly certain all of the blood in my brain drained into my heart just so it can beat faster.

"I could've sworn you had-"Before I could even finish the sentence, with a single twitch of its jaw, a full set of razor sharp teeth shot out of the gums. Before I could even react, it lunged forward, snatched the fish from my hands before raising its head and chomping

the fish into pieces in mid air, and swallowing. After which, it licked it'sâ€¦ lips? No it doesn't have lips, well; it licked its maw I guess.

â€¦Retractable teeth. I didn't expect that. I'm not sure if anyone could've. New discoveries every day.

"-Teethâ€¦" I finished my sentence.

After saying that, the dragon's eyes dilated, and it began approaching.

I backed up quickly, but it continued to come forward. Is it sniffing me? Is it going to eat me next!

"Ah, nonono." I stuttered as I backed into a small rock, and the dragon came really close to my face.

"I-I don't have any more!" I stuttered to it. I knew I should've brought more than one! It's a bloody dragon; of course it eats more than a single fish!

Wait, why am I talking to it? Well, I didn't know it had retractable teeth, for all I know, it understands Norse.

â€¦Not impossible, just unlikely, just like a giant winged reptilian with retractable teeth.

It continued to stare at me for a brief second, before its eyes rolled to the top of the sockets, and it started to make aâ€¦ very strange noise. Somewhat like 'HGULGH' but more gurgly andâ€¦ disgusting.

Suddenly, the lower half of a fish fell from its mouth and onto my lap.

"â€¦Ew." I looked at the remains of the fish, disgusted. Does it not like it?

Next the dragon did something else I wasn't expecting. It stood up onto two legs for a brief second, before sitting down onto the base of its tail, like a human would sit. Was itâ€¦ mimicking me?

It was just sitting there, staring at me. I really didn't know what it was doing, but at least it stopped beingâ€¦ threatening. It never stopped being scary though.

Throughout the long moment of silence and staring, the dragon seemed to have a quizzical expression. Once again, the dragon had me wondering about what it was thinking. The dragon had a look of fascination, that would've reflected mine if I was not so frightened and confused.

Hah, funny how many times a day I question Viking beliefs. We believe that dragons are ruthless unthinking emotionless killing machines, yet this one spared my life, showed anger, and curiosity. As far as I recall, those are emotions.

Now it was just staring at me, mimicking my posture for what seemed like an eternity, before the dragon did something. The dragon glanced

at the fish, and back at me. Suddenly I realized why he-I mean it-had regurgitated half of the fish.

It wanted to share the fish with me? Eating a raw fish is bad enough but couldn't it have thought of this before it went and swallowed it?

I sighed, and decided the best was of not getting killed by something bigger than you is to either run away, or do what it demands. Running away was clearly out of the questionâ€| soâ€|

I raised the fish, and took a small bite out of it without swallowing, hoping the dragon wouldn't notice. When I did so, the dragon's head cocked slightly, and what I assumed was its ears perked up.

"Mhmm!" I moaned, trying to communicate that I thought the fish was good, and he can have it back nowâ€| Not sure how he-it, I mean it-could get that from just 'Mhmm' but none the less, raising the fish to it should get the message across.

I offered the fish back to it, and the dragon responded in a veryâ€| unexpected way. The dragon swallowed. It didn't have anything in its mouthâ€| is the dragon telling me to swallow?

I dropped the fish to my lap, silently noting that I am going to be nauseas later today after this. I swallowed, and gagged once at the disgusting-yet apparently delicious to the dragon- fish.

I shuddered at the taste and texture, and the dragon seemed to licks its lips-I mean maw- I mean mouth, whatever dragons lick when they think something tastes good.

I smiled at the dragon, my fear beginning to dribble away, though I didn't notice it at the time.

In response, the dragon narrowed its eyes and leaned a little closer, seeming to be confused by me.

It stared at me for a brief second before its mouth began twitching, and bending upwards. It took me a minute to realize it wasâ€| trying to smile?

It was smiling. The most feared and mysterious dragon in Viking history is toothless and smiling at me. It was perhaps the (Smite me Thor if I ever use this word again) cutest thing I've ever seen an animal do, especially for such a powerful being.

But of course no matter how well things are going, Hiccup the Useless always has to do something stupid and screw it up. I reached out my hand towards it, hoping to know what its scales feel like when they're attached to its body, and it did not react very well.

It's 'ears' went back, its eyes narrowed and dilated, and its teeth retracted, growling loudly.

â€|I suddenly remember why I was afraid of it.

But, luckily for me, rather than killing me on the spot, it just jumped into the air, and glided to the other side of the cove, across

the lake.

I saw as it landed, and began breathing a steady stream of fire onto the ground while turning around in circles. I was wondering what it was doing, until it seemed to knead at the ground, and lie down. It wasâ€¦ heating a bed?

This thing is looking more like a cat every second, if a cat could breathe fire, and was reptilian, etcetera.

I ran over to the other side of the cove, doing what Vikings do best; ignoring common sense.

The dragon seemed distracted by a bird fling overhead, staring with somewhat distant eyes. Another tinge of guilt assaulted me, but I ignored it.

I sat down about four yards away from the dragon, and the dragon turned its gaze towards me.

I casually waved towards it, and the dragon's eyes went half lidded, before it lied its head down, and covered its head with the remaining half of its tailfin.

â€¦Night Furies have attitude, or at least this one does.

The curiosity overwhelmed me as to how its scales felt yet again, and I figured I won't have a better opportunity to touch it.

I scooted forward, still sitting, and I reached forward slowly, trying not to disturb it.

As soon as my hand was about four inches away from its tail, the tail shot up, revealing a very annoyed dragon's face.

On instinct, I instantly shot up from my sitting position, and I walked away as quickly and nonchalantly as possible.

I looked over my shoulder as I walked away, seeing the dragon walk underneath a large tree that was rooted into the canyon wall. I thought it was going to lie down and sleep there, but it surprised me when it jumped to the branch just over it, wrap its tail around the branch and hang upside down.

Wellâ€¦ I didn't know they liked to sleep upside down. That'sâ€¦ surprising indeed. Then again so was the whole retractable teeth and mimicking thing. I think I should just mentally prepare myself for the dragon to do the opposite of what I'm expecting from now on.

I expected it to kill me long ago, but it did the opposite luckily for me. However I was pushing my luck back there and I probably shouldn't do that in the future. From now on, just watch, no touchy touchy.

Why do the dragon's teeth retract anyway? No other dragons do that, what is the point of- oh, I may have a theory. The Night Fury blasts are so surgical, yet powerful that they pretty much obliterate anything in its path. With a Night Fury's mouth not able to open very wide, if the teeth didn't retract, it would blow its own teeth out.

â€|I wonder if any have done so accidentally, or if this one has already done so accidentally, but teeth grow back for Night Furiesâ€| or something.

Once again, I feel like I know so much â€"compared to other Vikings-yet so little. For all I know, Night Furies can turn invisible. That would explain why I couldn't see it when I came in here, wait, no, it was hiding behind a really big rock.

I think I should be heading ba- on second thought, I have all day. No smithing to do or training. How many opportunities do people get to spend an afternoon with a Night Fury, and not die! I mean sure, it may be sleeping upside down in a tree across the entire cove, but none the less, a Night Fury!

* * *

><p>After spending what I think was a few hours gaping at the creature, absorbing every detail I could see from this distance, I sat down on a small rock and had started trying to draw the creature in the dirt.<p>

Then spending another hour drawing it several times, yet I keep messing up and rubbing away the images.

I had been so absorbed in the mindless doodling, that I didn't notice it was dusk already.

I started on another image, drawing the outline of the head of the dragon.

Then, when the outline was done, I saw a shadow come over me, and heard a small gurgling noise.

I quickly deduced that the dragon was right behind me, but I tried to pretend not to notice and keep drawing.

Night Furies must not sleep much. That was what, about four hours?

I continued to draw the eyes, and I swore I heard a 'purring' noise come from the dragon. It trotted over to the lake for a brief second, and then came back behind me.

I drew a few more details before I heard the dragon trot off. After about a second, I heard the distinct sound of wood splintering.

I turned around to see the dragon ripping a small tree from the ground with its mouth, before dragging it into the dirt. It dragged the tree past me, leaving a very large indent in the dirt. It took me a few seconds to realize the dragon wasâ€| drawing?

It continued to drag the tree around, twirling and trotting around as if it was dancing. It stopped for a brief moment, looked back at me, before adding a dot with the tree, and it continued. As it dragged the tree past me, I was hit by a branch, but far tooâ€| shocked to even remotely feel it.

Eventually, it dropped the large tree, and looked down at the lines, making the 'purring' noise again.

I stood up from the rock, to see that the dragon had only scribbled all over the ground. Huh, I was expecting it to draw me, or something, but instead it just scribbled. I thought I had already mentally prepared myself to expect it to do the opposite of what I am thinkingâ€|

I began to walk out of the scribble, when the dragon suddenly let out a sharp growl, making me freeze. I looked at the dragon, which currently had its eyes narrowed, and its teeth bared.

I lifted my foot off of the ground, to take a step back, when the growling abruptly stopped, and it continued making the 'happy' noise again.

I looked back at the dragon, and it's previously angry narrow eyes now were open, with undilated eyes.

I looked at what I had stepped on, and I noticed it was a line the dragon had made.

I put a toe on the line, and the dragon abruptly growled yet again. I raised my foot, and the growling stopped. I put my foot down on the line again, for the dragon to growl again, this time putting its paw down, as if about to pounce. I figured that the joke had best end here, and I raised my foot, and set it over the line.

I looked back at the dragon, which no longer looked angry, or even threatening or scary. I'm not sure when the terrifying beast stopped being scary, but it happened.

I smiled, trying to reassure I won't step on any more lines. I then continued to work my way out of the scribble-maze, concentrating on my feet, careful to only step on clear ground.

I continued to tread my way out of the maze, until I was stopped by a large breath blowing onto me.

â€|The dragon is right behind me, isn't it?

I turned around, expecting it to be furious that I was so close to it, yet it seemed so calm. It wasn't threatening, nor trying to get away from me, just staring back at me with those eyesâ€| the eyes that seemed so infinite, windows into the dragon's very soulâ€| But dragons don't have souls. All Vikings know this.

Yetâ€| Once again I found myself doubting Viking beliefs, as the dragon stared back at me, seeming content, and curious.

I reached for it, wanting to touch it, at least once.

It flinched, squinted one eye, and growled lowly. Not nearly as dangerously or furiously before, but it seemed to just be a warningâ€|

I pulled my hand back, and the dragon stopped.

I sighedâ€| I had come this far, why stop now?

I raised my hand, not looking at the dragon, reaching, but not

touching. I wasn't sure what to expect, but what was the worst that could happen? Well, it could walk away or bite my arm off. Yet, something told me it wouldn't do that.

I closed my eyes, expecting it to walk away, or growl, or something. But I only sat there, with my arm raised for what seemed like an eternity.

Suddenly, I felt this sleek, yet warm surface come to contact with my hand..

I flinched, before I opened my eyes, and turned my gaze to my hand, to see that the dragon had pushed its snout to my palm. I figured scales would be sharper, and rougher. It didn't feel like there were scales at all, just really dense skin. The scales were so finely woven together, it almost seemed impossible that anything could break them, or pull them loose.

Yet I did. I pulled and broke the scales. I brought this dragon down. I wounded it, I drew its blood. It suffered, and probably is still suffering at my hand, which was currently rested on the beast's snout.

For what seemed like an eternity, I was staring at the dragon, which had its eyes closed while it pressed its snout to my hand. It just seems so peaceful, so gentle at the moment. This is as far as one can get from bloodthirsty.

But because time is a cruel maiden, eventually the moment had to end.

The dragon raised its head from my hand, snorted, and walked away.

I gaped at it as it walked away, unbelieving of what just happened.

The dragon spared me, didn't eat me, mimicked me, and touched me. Yet, throughout all of this, I saw its eyes had thought. They were windows, and there was a soul behind them. I knew it then.

There was thought, feeling, and intelligence. It seems unfair to call something that shows these traits a beast.

The dragon doesn't act purely on instinct. The dragon is clearly self aware, and possibly sentient.

Something like this doesn't deserve to be called an 'it' like an object or a simple creature.

I don't know what gender it is, but for now, I'm going to make the assumption that it is a male. I will look into that later

I walked back into the crevasse from which I came, only looking back once.

"See you later" I guess" I said quietly.

* * *

><p>Well, I'm happy to announce I am now a part of the elite

group of people who managed to write over 30,000 words without falling out of their chair and breaking their spine.
Whoopee.

****This chapter is about 40 pages long and has 12,819 words. Something scary is that word 12,666 is 'beast.' I'm serious. Start counting.****

****I apologize for the wait, but I'm happy to say at least it EVENTUALLY came out.****

End
file.